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If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.—De Foe.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The "men of the 16th May" are still in an attitude of resistance. They have made two moves in response to the Chamber's appointment of a Committee of Inquiry into Election Practices. In the first place, as the Duc de Broglie informed the Senate on Monday, the Ministers have warned public functionaries that they must not appear before the Committee or before its delegates without the permission of their chiefs, nor without having conferred with them. In the second place, the Duc de Broglie tried to induce the Senate to pass a vote of censure on the Chamber for appointing the Committee, and virtually succeeded, although he was prevented from carrying a resolution reflecting on the Chamber in direct terms. The conduct of the Chamber was not expressly discussed in the Senate. M. de Kerdrel gave notice of a question to be put to the Government "as to the measures it means to take respecting the investigation ordered by the Chamber of Deputies," and the discussion on this was fixed for Monday, but the President ruled that it was not within the powers of the Senate to discuss the constitutionality of the acts of the Chamber, and that the discussion must be strictly limited to the conduct prescribed by the Government to its agents. Accordingly, the Duc de Broglie was heard in explanation within these limits, and after a debate, in which M. Dufaure broke silence for the first time since May 16, a resolution was passed to the following effect:—"The Senate, taking note of the declarations of the Ministry, faithful to the Conservative policy it has always pursued, and resolved to see the prerogatives of the three Powers equally defended, passes to the Order of the day." This resolution was announced as having been carried by a majority of four, which was hailed by the Republicans as a practical victory, but half an hour afterwards it appeared there had been a mistake in the counting of the votes, the majority in favour of the Ministry being twenty-two.

On Monday the Duc de Broglie spoke of himself and his colleagues as being on the eve of leaving office, and everybody expected that the new Cabinet would be announced in the *Official Journal* next morning, but day after day has passed, and, although the Ministers are leaving their official residences, the new Cabinet is not forthcoming. It is to be hoped that this unprecedented confusion and irresolution has lasted long enough to disgust France thoroughly with the rule of the reactionaries. One thing appears to be certain, that the idea of compromise with the Left is as far as ever from the mind of Marshal Macmahon, and that the new Ministry, whatever its composition, will be identical in spirit with the old. The Chamber shows an equal determination not to give way. On Wednesday it passed a resolution declaring that it was "resolved on repelling any encroachment on its functions and on maintaining entire its resolutions and prerogatives." On the same day, M. Gambetta made a speech as President of the Budget Committee, in which he denounced in strong terms the interruption of their labours in May, and expressed the intention of the Committee to "show the childishness of the new proposals which are presented to us, as well as the incapacity of the men who seized on office on May 16," and to "examine the series of supplementary and extraordinary accounts which have been opened in the absence of the Chamber." The Chamber has the constitutional right to satisfy itself as to the Budget before voting supplies, and it would be neglecting its duty if it failed to preserve this right. Whether it will go farther, and impeach the Ministry—they have furnished an admirable ground by their unconstitutional instructions to public functionaries to resist the authority of the Chamber, confirmed to it, as we showed last week, by abundant precedents—remains to be seen. We sincerely hope that the Duc de Broglie's fears will be realised.

Affairs, indeed, have come to such a pass in France that it is now hardly possible to see any middle way between the resignation of the Marshal and Civil War. Moderate Republicans long clung to the policy of retaining the Marshal and revising the Constitution, but a redefinition of the provinces of the Public Powers cannot be effected without the assistance of the Senate, and Monday's vote shows that the majority there is in favour of the *status quo*. The Marshal himself may be an honest soldier, intent only upon doing his duty, but it is quite clear that he can be persuaded by evil advisers into very dangerous conceptions of what his duty is. There can be no tranquillity in France till he is removed, and we believe that the Constitutionalists in France are not disposed to shirk their duty.

It is significant that even in Switzerland precautions are being taken—or preparations made, which is not quite the same thing—in view of a breach of the peace between Germany and France. A new military depôt, for the 1st Division of the Federal Army, is to be established in the Canton Vaud, as the Bundesrath has ratified the convention concluded for this purpose between the War Office and the Government of the Canton.

On Wednesday the *Times* published a *communiqué* to the Havas Agency denying a statement made by the

Ordre to the effect that Vicomte d'Harcourt had been sent by the Marshal during the summer on a mission to the Prince Imperial regarding the advisability of a *plébiscite* in 1880, and that the Prince Imperial had replied, "The *plébiscite* is right; and any power will be ephemeral as long as right has not recovered its force. I shall bow to its reply. I only ask that the question be put." The denial of this statement is endorsed by the correspondent of the *Times* as follows:—

> Now, what really occurred, as I learn from a lady who was an eye-witness, was this:—Vicomte d'Harcourt, being on a visit to his father, the French Ambassador in London, during the recess, spent an evening at the house of an English nobleman at Cowes. The Prince Imperial was also among the company, and to him during the evening the Prince of Wales introduced M. d'Harcourt. The conversation lasted about half an hour, and was held in the presence of the whole company. What may have been said, of course, is unknown, unless it is the substance of the conversation referred to by the *Ordre*. It may evidently, therefore, be denied that M. d'Harcourt went to England to meet the Prince Imperial.

How the fact that the Vicomte d'Harcourt did meet the Prince disproves his intention of meeting him is not quite clear. It is not at all strange that he should have met him "casually;" but it would have been strange had Vicomte d'Harcourt driven openly to Camden House, and afforded the spectacle of the Secretary of the President of the Republic publicly visiting the Prince Imperial, who is popularly supposed to be an enemy of the Republic. But that is a mistake; the ex-Prince Imperial is ready to accept the Republic—*ad interim*. For against the lady eye-witness, who is evidently unacquainted with the labial dumb-talk, may be pitted a gentleman ear-witness, who not only heard the reply quoted by the *Ordre*, but also heard the ultimate part of the penultimate sentence, which the *Ordre* leaves out. The Prince said:—"I shall bow to its reply, *for many roads lead to Rome.*" They do. And Rome promises soon to become a very hot place.

Even before the war had commenced, considerable pains were take in German diplomatic circles to impress upon Englishmen how injuriously a direct peace between the Porte and Russia would affect British interests. In fact, it was boldly asserted that the negotiations preceding the war, and the war itself, were chiefly undertaken with this object. Now the same *parole* has been adopted and much insisted on of late. In Constantinople the inducements to conclude peace direct with Russia are tersely summarised. The Porte is waging war alone, and can therefore treat directly with far more advantage than through intermediaries, whilst by so doing the germs would be laid for conflicts between the Western Powers, whence the Porte would in all probability derive much benefit. Now, there are two things to be noted in this matter which deserve attention. How does it happen that the German Government was aware at so early a period of what the Russian intentions were? Clearly the knowledge must have been based on confidential communications, or obtained by the usual diplomatic agencies. If the former, how can the Prussian Government reconcile its breach of confidence with its friendship for Russia? If, on the other hand, this knowledge was acquired independently, are we to believe that it was imparted to us on the understanding that Prussia would in all cases preserve her neutrality? That, in fact, whilst pretending to be Russia's friend, she was really ours? Secondly, if this alleged knowledge may be reduced to the dimensions of a diplomatic move, what is its object? Only three answers can be conceived, one of which coincides with the reply to the former questions—that Prussia is really in earnest in her secret opposition to Russia, and regards her interests as falling very much within the lines of our own. In that case we may safely let things take their course. The second reply would be that Prussia is thoroughly acting with Russia in the matter, and that she laid so much stress upon the "direct peace dangers" in order to be able to say afterwards that she had given us due warning at the time, that we ought to have taken measures in concert with her and the other Powers, but that now she could not possibly compromise her relations with Russia by insisting on the conditions we then refused. The third reply would be that the German Government and the British Government are acting together in the matter with a double purpose on the part of the latter. By allowing Turkey—in fact, Lord Beaconsfield may be imagined as instigating her—to conclude a direct peace with Russia, which might really be prejudicial to British interests, he would fancy himself justified in laying the blame on the Liberal party for preventing him from espousing the cause of Turkey at an earlier period whilst gaining his point after all by going to war to preserve interests which are really threatened. Thus we should be engaged once more in the support of Turkish integrity, as much for German interests as for our own. In any case, the initial error in not coercing Turkey at the outset in union—if not in unison—with the other great Powers, becomes more and more glaring. And in any case, we require more evidence as to Prussia's position, *plus de netteté* in her assurances, before we can act upon the warnings she has so kindly given us.

The "Federal Republic" is at work again in Spain. Its army, twenty-five men strong, appeared the other day in a village near Figueras, and demanded a contribution of 1,500 pesetas for the war-chest. And, what is more, the money was paid.

Signor Ruppero Bonghi, the ex-Minister and present Deputy, has just published a *brochure* in which he advocates the elevation of Cardinal Prince Schwarzenberg to the Papal throne on the death of Pius IX. He thinks his election would materially assist in the reconciliation between the Vatican and the Quirinal, as Prince Schwarzenberg would be free from the obligations and specific interests which burden the Italian Cardinals, and that his nomination would be grateful to foreign Powers, especially Austria. Whatever it might be to other Powers, it would be anything but grateful to Austria, as it would in all probability lead to considerable entanglements. To judge by what is heard in clerical circles, it would seem that the question is being rather hotly debated whether the next Pope should not initiate the abandonment of the claims to the temporal power, and inaugurate a strictly ecclesiastical policy; in fact, organise a sort of ecclesiastical federation with local administration conformable to the laws of the respective countries. At any rate, two Cardinals and several Bishops are advocating this policy.

It seems that Sicily is not the only part of Italy in which public order is in danger. A correspondent, writing from Viterbo to the Roman *Libertà*, gives a curious account of the doings of a scoundrel named Biscarino, who for six years has been the terror of the country round that city. Biscarino was born at Orvieto, but follows his profession in a district further south. He is not specially bloodthirsty, having had a hand in the murder of only one man; but by means of threatening letters, thefts, and the ransom of property or persons whom he has seized, contrives to earn a plentiful, if precarious, livelihood. It is obvious that he could not do so for any length of time without at least the tacit connivance of a large part of the population. A reward of 1,500 francs has been offered for his arrest, and the police have been long upon his track, but he is still alive, active, and merry. The income which his nefarious doings yield, enables him, in fact, to pay more for food, shelter, and protection than the police are able to pay for help in catching him. The reward, too, is dependent on his being caught, while he pays down in ready money for any aid or concealment he wants. A simple remedy for this would seem to be to make the district in which he commits a crime responsible for the damage. The police do their best, but they are powerless. The mischief that a beast of prey like this does by his depredations is a trifling evil compared with the con-

tempt for law which his success and impunity inspire. Happily there are now not many parts of the mainland of Italy in which Biscarino would not be trapped after a career of a few weeks. Let us hope that he will soon fall into the toils of Signor Nicotera.

A statement, published a few days ago by the *Edinburgh Daily Review*, goes to show that the prospects of ecclesiastical Disestablishment in Scotland may not be quite so remote as the Conservatives and some timid Liberals suppose. Of the 980 churches of the Establishment, very nearly one-ninth (105) are classed as "deserted." These, it will be readily guessed, belong to the Highland counties of Ross, Caithness, Sutherland, and to Orkney and Shetland. Mr. Ramsay, an energetic Disestablisher, would include all churches with a congregation of below fifty, under the head of deserted, and this, it is supposed, would liberate the 105 already named. Anyone acquainted with those parts of Scotland must know that a congregation of fifty in any, except a "Free" place of worship, is very rare. The position of the Highland "Kirk" is exactly that of the Irish Church in the days of its dependence upon the State. Thus, the church of Fortrose, "with a congregation of from six to a dozen," is endowed with 356*l.* a-year; Killearnan, with seventeen, has 256*l.*; Fodderty, with twenty-three, is worth 354*l.*; Latheron has 363*l.* with a congregation of thirteen; while Applecross, with only seven, has an income of 193*l.* It is suggested that the incomes of such churches should, after the death of the present incumbents, be devoted to popular education.

Last Monday the proposal to confer with the masons' delegates was unanimously rejected at a full meeting of the Masters' Executive Committee. There is, therefore, every likelihood that the strike, now entering its eighteenth week, will continue to be fought out until the strike fund is exhausted. Meanwhile, Mr. Broadhurst's boast about the Strike Committee's command over "unlimited" resources seems not altogether unjustifiable. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of this strange dispute is the readiness—in some cases, the enthusiasm—with which not only the provincial societies of the masons, but even a large number of trades throughout the country, have volunteered to supply the London strikers with the sinews of war. The short and the long of it is, that the dispute has ceased to be one about the relations of supply and demand, and has become a brutal, knock-down fight between capital as such, and labour as such. And so—now that the foreign labourer has appeared in the field—the British workman's blood is up, and his patriotism on fire. The Cardiff lodges have gallantly come forward with an engagement to subscribe some 3,000*l.*, or even thrice the amount, should their metropolitan brethren require it. Twenty other towns, it is said, have responded in the same spirit. Compositors, carpenters, book-binders, hatters, boat-builders, die-sinkers, shoe-makers, and others, are likewise ready to contribute. Originally the Londoners on strike were about 2,000 in number; now there are only about 620, and for the third time in the course of the struggle they have received the full strike-pay of 21*s.* a-week. Fewer than one-half of the 285 foreigners imported by the masters are at work, the rest having been bought off. Germans and Italians of a roving disposition have now a good opportunity of seeing the world—"for nothing."

The Northumberland coal-owners are a more rational set of men than the London master-builders, and the step which they took last Saturday deserves to be followed wherever there is a trade dispute. They have appointed a committee to institute a searching inquiry into the causes of the depressed condition of the coal industry in that county—a depression which, last week, led to the closing of three more collieries, and the enforced idleness of some hundreds of men. The inquiry, it is to be presumed, will embrace such points as economy in the mode of working the mines, and the effects of the substitution of "short time" for reduced wages, and *vice versâ*. Of course, too, the results will be as open for the study of the miners as of the employers, and, if sufficiently comprehensive and definite, may supply the basis of an agreement between both parties. Not a day passes without a fresh illustration of the urgency of preventing strikes by friendly inquiry and deliberation. A strike among the Blackburn cotton-workers appears to have just been averted, at least for a time, by a joint conference. Last Monday, the weavers at two of the Oldham cotton-mills struck work on a proposed reduction of 5 per cent. in their wages, but it is said that an agreement was arrived at on Wednesday. At Ashton there has been a like dispute.

If good works were a security against misfortunes, the Hall of the Scottish Corporation, which was burnt to the ground on the night of Wednesday the 14th, ought to have escaped this calamity. The Scottish Corporation has the credit of being the oldest Friendly Society in existence, at least in this country. Its records, which perished in the fire, traced its existence back to the year 1613, when a few Scotch artisans associated themselves to aid each other, and prevent their becoming burdensome to strangers. The Association was known as "the Scottish Box," and was formed on the principle of each member paying a certain contribution per quarter, with an entrance fee, the funds being used for lending small sums on bond to the poorer members without interest, giving aid in sickness, and paying funeral expenses. It obtained a charter of incorporation in 1665, and one of the first charges incurred by the Corporation was the giving of succour and, in too many cases, burial to the victims of the Great Plague. Since then the Society has been twice reconstituted under new charters with extended privileges, and has become more and more of the nature of a charity rather than a Friendly Society, being largely supported by legacies, subscriptions, and donations, which enable it to distribute every year several thousand pounds for the relief of the necessitous. It is all the greater tribute to the energy and care with which the Society has been administered that it long since dispensed with the workhouse test, and yet it has never been charged with any case of abuse. It is certainly hard upon so worthy a Corporation, in these days of rotten corporations, that "the devouring element" should take part against it. True, the Corporation did not trust entirely to its good works for immunity from such a disaster, but prudently insured its premises for a considerable sum in the Sun Fire Insurance Company; still, the fire will be a loss to it, unless the misfortune stimulates well-wishers, as it ought to do, to increased liberality at the forthcoming festival on St. Andrew's Day.

The fate of the Scottish Corporation Hall is another illustration, if more illustrations be needed, of the disgraceful inefficiency of the present means for extinguishing fires in London. If the Hall had been "located," to use another word in Mr. Bryant's *Index Expurgatorius*, in Manchester or Liverpool, or any of the other towns where there are rational provisions for fire-extinction, it would have escaped with trifling damage. There were two able-bodied men upon the premises when the fire broke out, and if the water-supply had been so organised that these men, who seem not to have lost their presence of mind, could have directed a jet at high pressure upon the burning room, the fire need never have extended further. Instead of this, they had to run in search of fire-engines, and by the time the fire-engine arrived from Clerkenwell, the whole house was in flames. Five minutes elapsed after the arrival of the engine before water could be found and applied, and by that time all hope of saving the building was gone. They manage things differently in the despised provincial towns.

It appears that in sheer despair of obtaining the necessary reform of the Water Companies, on account

of their immense influence with the Government, the plan suggested by Mr. Easton and Mr. Bramwell for providing a separate supply for the purposes of drinking, and cooking, and fire-extinction, was to be discussed yesterday by the Metropolitan Board of Works. The objection to this plan, which takes the form of "Why, you propose to use the best of water to put out fires, when any stuff would do for that," was very cleverly answered by a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* on Thursday. This writer points out, as we understand him, that one day's supply of the proposed water would suffice for the extinction of a whole year's fires, while 364 days' supply would be sufficient for the year's drinking and cooking. Consequently, if the water company is allowed to get one day ahead of the consumption, it could have in its pipes a sufficient reserve to meet all the emergencies of fire, without running short for other purposes, all the water laid on, however used, being kept at high pressure. But, apart altogether from objections to the proposed plan on grounds of expense and otherwise, there is still a difficulty left unexplained. What security will there be for the maintenance of this reserve? How are householders to be prevented from wasting the precious high-pressure water, and drawing off the reserve for other purposes than drinking and cooking?

The announcement that Mr. Goschen intended to bring in a Bill to reform the Corporation of London scarcely required the authoritative denial which has now been given to it. It is quite true that the principal members of the Cabinet of which Mr. Goschen was a member were of opinion that the government of London required reform, and that Mr. Gladstone in his Greenwich address pledged himself to deal with it. Since that the political whirligig has upset many calculations, and Mr. Goschen's seat for the City was thought to be so unsafe that the members of the late Administration abstained in a body from voting with Mr. Walter James on his motion for inquiry into the City companies, fearing that thereby they would endanger the seat of their colleague. Now, however, that Mr. Goschen seems to be wavering in the faith, and that the next Liberal Cabinet, when it comes, will be somewhat changed in its *personnel*, we hope that when the question of municipal reform for London, or of inquiry into the City companies, comes again before Parliament, the leaders of the Liberal party will perform their duty.

Many months ago we called attention to the fact that the ancient and Honourable Society of Serjeants-at-Law were about to sell their Hall and other property by public auction, and we then ventured to suggest that, if the property was sold, the distinguished members comprising the Order would set an example to the City Companies in applying the proceeds to some such useful purpose as the advancement of legal education. Since then, the property was sold to one of their own members at a price of some 30,000*l*. Lord Coleridge, vexed by what fell from Lord Selborne in the House of Lords, stated, in April last, that the proceeds "would be dealt with in a manner which was wise and just." That statement, being given in answer to the remark from Lord Selborne that "he hoped the Inns of Court would not follow the precedents of Doctors' Commons and Serjeants' Inn, which had acted on the notion that they were private societies, and, carrying the idea to its final results, had sold their property, and divided it among themselves," was at the time a sufficient assurance that the Serjeants had no such intention as had been attributed to them. By this time no doubt the purchase has been completed. And it would be a matter of no little public interest if we were informed what has been done, or what is intended to be done, with the proceeds? We are satisfied that there will be no straining of legal rights, if any exist, but we hope to find that in dealing with the property the Honourable Society has acted with that "wisdom and justice" promised by one of its most distinguished members.

KARS AND ERZEROUM.

It cannot be said that the news of the sudden fall of Kars came like a thunderbolt upon anybody. To those who considered that Mukhtar Pasha had been living on its stores for a long period, and who knew that the defences had not been executed in any way comparable to the works erected in 1854, the news, if not expected so soon, could not be a surprise. Nor was it a surprise for those who expected the fortress to hold out for months yet, for the simple reason that, when it came, they did not believe it. Then, by the time they had familiarised themselves with the event, they were unable to comprehend it. And they do not understand it yet. They cannot realise the tremendous blow. In a vague sort of way they acknowledge that it is probably an accomplished fact, owing, no doubt, to treachery and general Muscovite perfidy, and consequently a mean sort of thing it would be bad form to take any notice of. And in any case, the whole thing is a mystery.

Yet the whole proceeding was remarkably simple and easy of unbiassed understanding. It was the very A B C of war; insufficiently manned forts, a dark night, and a simultaneous assault without any premonitory warnings in the shape of a preliminary cannonade to clear the way—a proceeding, by the way, that never accomplishes its object, if the enemy is at all trained to stand artillery fire. The key to the whole mystery—if a matter of course can be called a mystery—lies, firstly, in the fact, which we pointed out long ago, that the outworks and forts were not connected, and for the most part not furnished with ditches, whilst the parapets were ill constructed. Secondly, we pointed out that the great length of the fire-line—nearly 8,000 yards—required at least a garrison of 24,000 men for its adequate defence, and as we assessed the number of troops in Kars, after the defeat of Mukhtar Pasha at Vesinkoi, at barely 12,000 men effective for service—an estimate that turns out to have been correct—it was abundantly evident that the place could not hold out long against the forces brought up by the Russians, although the latter will doubtless include the able-bodied men of Kars in the estimate of their prisoners.

Undermanned in this way—and that, too, by at least partially demoralised troops—without water, without traverses, the works cut in two by the Kars Tchai, what wonder that a previously well-concerted plan, minutely settled in all its details, should succeed, when carried out at night by troops yet flushed with their recent victory. The wonder is that the Turks withstood the assault for so long, and held out for twelve hours against the incessant attacks of the Russians, suffering a loss themselves of about 5,000, and inflicting a loss on their enemies of nearly 3,000, according to their own accounts. The disproportion in the number killed on either side is noteworthy. Had it been reversed, it would have been explicable. As it is, the only conclusion that can be drawn is, that the Russians gave but little or no quarter that night. Nor can they much be blamed for it. Night attacks are curious affairs, and the men generally like to "*mak' sicker*," for there is no knowing what might not be gathering together in front, or on either flank, under the cover of night.

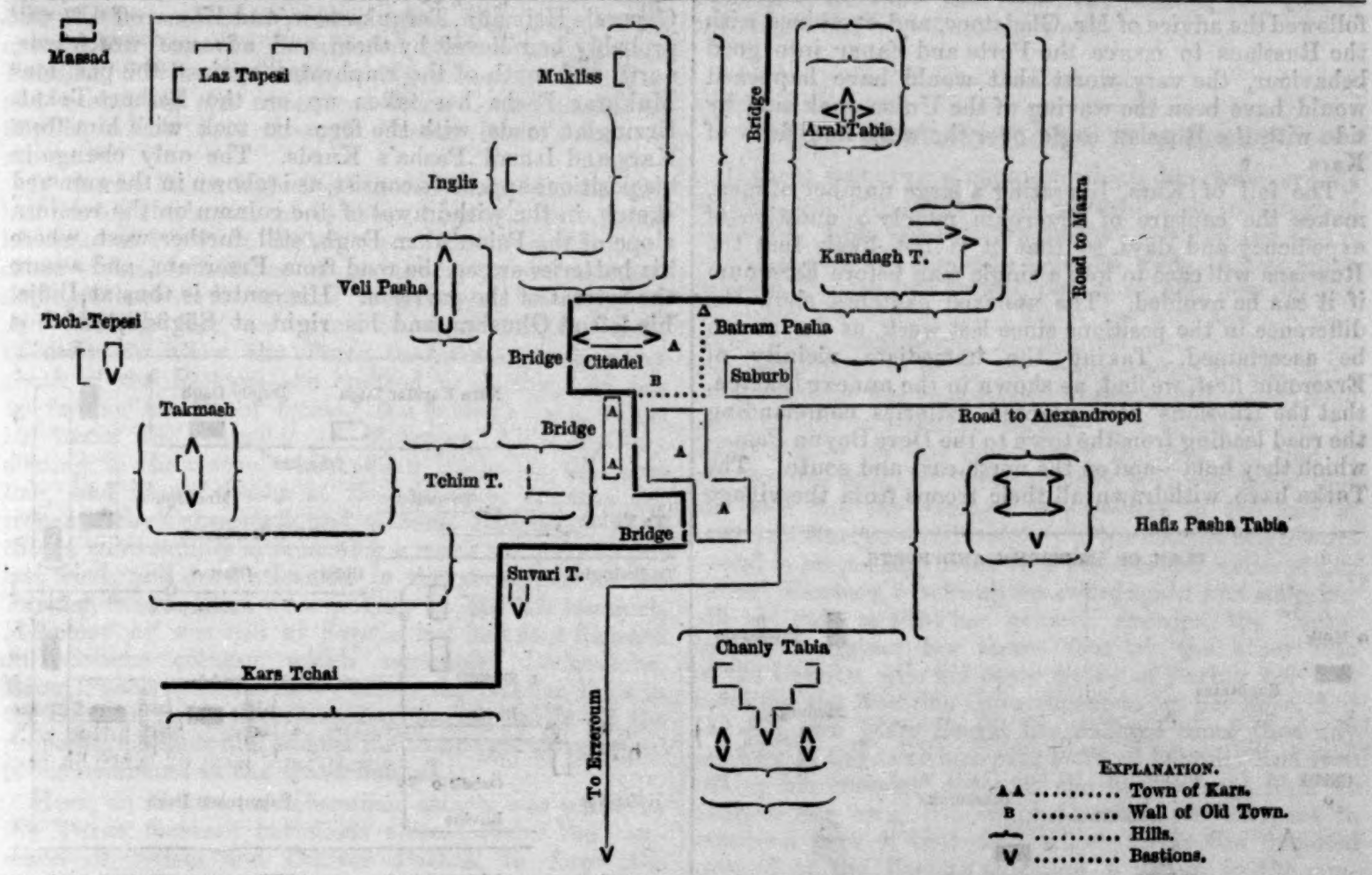
The fall of Kars, therefore, causes no surprise to those who studied the existing elements of defence and attack, and we find our views confirmed by the correspondent of the *Times* who was recently with the Turks in Kars, and who effectually disposes of the charge of treachery. He says:—

There are a few points to be taken into consideration in the capture of Kars which I have not hitherto seen remarked: First, the character of the Commandant. I have heard and seen it constantly stated that treachery must have been at work; that Russian gold bought the place. Now, it may not be generally known that the same Havni Pasha was, in 1876, removed from a command in Montenegro for incompetence. As a Divisional leader, both in the battle of Kizil Tepe and at Yagni, he showed personal gallantry; but during the first siege of Kars in July he proved how utterly unfit he was to exercise supreme command. Secondly, there is

the nature of the works, which were of very slight profile, with undefended ditches, insufficiently armed, and incapable of affording mutual support. Thirdly, the very weak condition of the garrison deserves notice—numerically weak, morally useless owing to their demoralisation; and, lastly, the faulty means of intercommunication inside the fortress, owing to which reinforcements could not be pushed from one point to another.

In my opinion Kars could never be taken by regular siege. The nature of the ground precludes the possibility of its reduction in the usual manner. Its past history shows us that it must fall either by starvation or by assault. Writing from the fortress, I maintained this assumption; and after the battle of the Aladja Dagh, knowing the place was adequately provisioned, though inadequately manned, I asserted that Kars to be won must be captured by a *coup-de-main*. It presents greater facilities for assault than any fortified place I know; and yet with ordinary care and skill, with the most ordinary application of those rules of fortification with which every subaltern in the British army is supposed to be acquainted, it might be made simply impregnable.

What the *Times* correspondent here points out touching the isolated nature of the works, their faulty construction, the absence of ditches, and general want of means of intercommunication, together with the undermanning of the works, we pointed out on July 14, when we published the annexed sketch of Kars as it is, whilst the *Times* and the other papers were giving their readers sketches of Kars as it was in 1854, twenty-three



years ago. At that date also, we stated that the garrison in no case amounted to more than 19,000 strong, and in all probability was only 14,000, an estimate now thoroughly corroborated by fact.

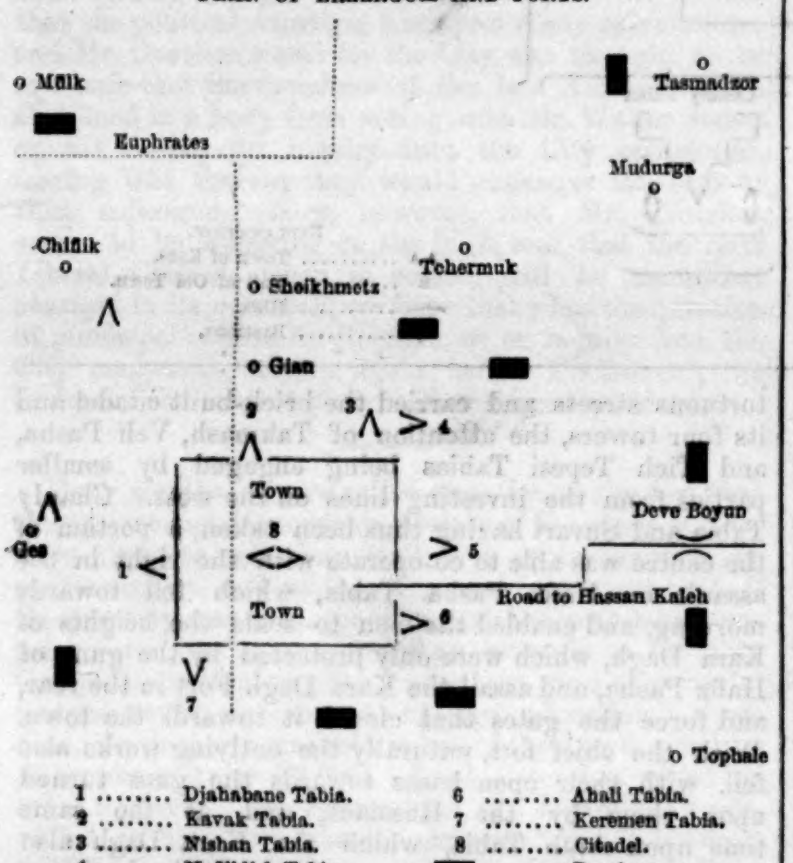
Referring to the annexed sketch, the assault made by the Russians may be easily followed. The columns appointed for the attack silently took up their positions as soon as darkness fell upon the plain. General Lazareff, commanding the right wing, placed himself before the Hafiz Pasha Tabia, situated on a steep valley height, and surrounded by a deep ditch. Count Grabbe, commanding the centre, took up his position in front of the Chanly Tabia, a closed lunette, with two advanced redoubts also protected by a deep trench. Generals Roop and Kamaroff, commanding the left, took their place between the Erzeroum road and the river in front of the Suvari Tabia, an open work commanding the Erzeroum road.

The leading idea in this disposition of the troops was evidently to carry the town and citadel from the south and east, and, by obtaining possession of Hafiz Tabia, to sweep the steep rocky heights of the Kara Dagh, and allow the storming party to scale them. The attack being carried out by night would prevent the artillery fire from Takmash Tabia and the Tchim battery from flanking the attack on Suvari. Count Grabbe commenced the attack in the centre on the Chanly Tabia, and fell dead, pierced by a bullet in the forehead, whilst storming the works, which were, however, successfully scaled, in spite of the ladders being a little too short. At the same time, Suvari was taken with a rush, the men pressing onward through the town, driving the Turks before them along the narrow tortuous streets and carried the brick-built citadel and its four towers, the attention of Takmash, Veli Pasha, and Tich Tepesi Tabias being engaged by smaller parties from the investing lines on the west. Chanly Tabia and Suvari having thus been taken, a portion of the centre was able to co-operate with the right in the assault on Hafiz Pasha Tabia, which fell towards morning, and enabled the men to scale the heights of Kara Dagh, which were only protected by the guns of Hafiz Pasha, and assail the Kara Dagh Fort in the rear, and force the gates that closed it towards the town. With the chief fort, naturally the outlying works also fell, with their open bases towards the guns turned upon them by the Russians, and at the same time upon Arab Tabia, which the Kara Dagh also commands. The resistance at Arab Tabia, however, was stubborn; but in the morning it was overcome, and the guns played upon the Mukliss and Veli Pasha Tabias, which were consequently also rendered untenable, Takmash Tabia resisting to the last. Harassed thus on all sides in the darkness of night, with not half the men necessary to man the works—to say nothing of reserves—it is not surprising that Avni Pasha, the Commandant, was bewildered, or, even were he not bewildered, was powerless to resist the determined onslaughts all along the line. And when the dawn appeared, and he found Chanly, Hafiz Pasha, and Suvari, with the citadel, in the hands of the Russians, the want of traverses and lines of communication would have prevented his concentrating his forces upon any one point even if he had had the men to concentrate. The best he could do was to defend Veli Pasha and Takmash as long as possible, to secure the retreat of

his forces westwards. This he did, and the troops succeeded in escaping from the town, but only to be intercepted and overtaken by the enemy's cavalry, and brought back prisoners to the scene of their defeat, where they are now being set to work to accomplish, under Russian taskmasters, what their own leaders omitted to do—converting the various works, strengthening them, digging ditches, erecting breastworks, and carrying out all the various measures which the Russians will adopt to secure them the possession of Kars for ever—or as long as "for ever" in such matters usually is. And as there is a certain painful pleasure in the memory of past misfortunes, and a certain solace in considering what "might have been," it may be pointed out that had Lord Beaconsfield followed the advice of Mr. Gladstone, and combined with the Russians to coerce the Porte and Fanar into good behaviour, the very worst that would have happened would have been the waving of the Union Jack side by side with the Russian eagle over the walls and forts of Kars.

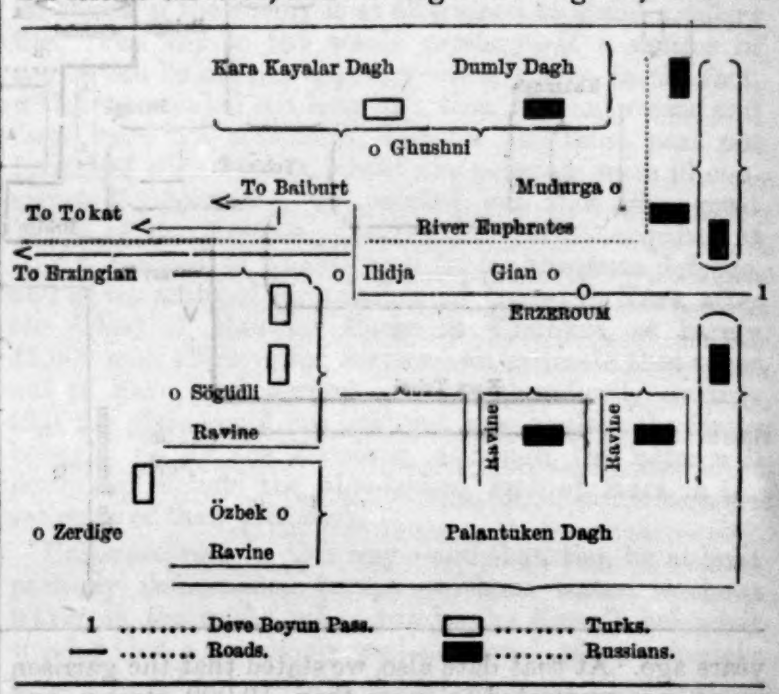
The fall of Kars, liberating a large number of men, makes the capture of Erzeroum merely a question of expediency and days, so that it is not likely that the Russians will care to lose a single man before Erzeroum if it can be avoided. The annexed sketches show the difference in the positions since last week, as far as can be ascertained. Taking the immediate vicinity of Erzeroum first, we find, as shown in the annexed sketch, that the Russians have planted batteries commanding the road leading from the town to the Deve Boyun Pass—which they hold—and on the north-east and south. The Turks have withdrawn all their troops from the village

PLAN OF ERZEROUM AND FORTS.



outposts at Gian, Chiflik, and Ges, and only left garrisons in the redoubts—open in the rear—covering these villages. In the north-east the Russians have established batteries threatening the Medjidieh and Nishan Tabias, whilst on the south and south-west the Azizieh, Ahali, and Keremen Tabias are also being menaced by batteries which also command the ancient citadel, which is still more valueless than that of Kars. As soon as these batteries are ready for action the town could be utterly destroyed and rendered untenable in a very few hours; but it is scarcely likely that the Russians will take such a course with a place that is more or less open, and inhabited to a very large extent by Armenians, upon whom they cannot wish to inflict any loss beyond that which is absolutely necessary. The attack when made, if made at all, and Erzeroum does not surrender, will in all probability be conducted at the points where the river enters and leaves the town. That is to say, against the Keremen Tabia in the south, and the Kavak Tabia in the north. The possession of these positions would enable the Russians to take the rest of the works in the rear. Keremen Tabia is quite unsupported; Kavak Tabia is supported on the east by one face of the Nishan Tabia, which, however, with its companion work, Medjidieh Tabia, would be amply engaged by the Russian batteries south of Suk Tchermuk and Mudurga.

However, neither the defence of Erzeroum nor the attack have much military interest. More important is the course which the field armies will take. On the arrival of the reinforcements from Kars, the troops of Generals Heimann, Tergukassow, and Kamaroff II., will probably be relieved by them and advance westwards, north and south of the Euphrates, against the positions Mukhtar Pasha has taken up on the Baiburt-Tokat-Erzingian roads, with the force he took with him from Kars and Ismail Pasha's Kurds. The only change in his positions appear to consist, as is shown in the annexed sketch, in the withdrawal of the column on the western slope of the Palantuken Dagh, still further west, where his batteries sweep the road from Erzeroum, and assure the retreat of the garrison. His centre is thus at Ilidja, his left at Ghushni, and his right at Sögüdli, which is



supported by Ismail Kurd Pasha at Zerdige and Özbek, through which a cross-road runs from Erzeroum and joins the Erzingian and Tokat roads, near Evretli, twelve miles to the rear of the positions at Ilidja. As to where the Turkish reinforcements may be which were sent from Trebizonde, and were stopped at Baiburt, that is the matter of speculation which gives zest to the inquiry as to the course of future operations. In the absence of any reliable information on this head, the general situation only can be taken into account. But this is sufficiently clear to enable one to understand what in any case must be done. If the Turkish commanders have occupied the line Mamakhatun-Balimpetek-Halwa-Maden—the Mine of Honey—and regard the positions at Ilidja as outworks of this line, the Russians will probably advance by extending their right and left wings along the Euphrates valley, whilst the centre, under General Heimann, set free by the arrival of the Kars contingent, attacks the Ilidja works in front, and forces the troops holding them to fall back on their second line. But it is also possible that the Russians may contemplate a more extensive movement, and endeavour to outflank the second line of defence at once, and cut off the retreat of the Turks to Erzingian and Trebizonde at one blow, forcing them back upon the next best position at Kelkid, sixty miles south of Trebizonde, on the road to Tokat, which offers advantages for defence almost as great as those possessed by Plevna. In any case, Erzingian will not be chosen by the Turks as a *point d'appui*, for which it is still less adapted than Erzeroum.

CLEARING BULGARIA.

After having been closely invested, and all the precautions taken to prevent Osman Pasha from effecting his retreat and cutting his way out through the Russian lines, the bombardment of Plevna recommenced all round on Thursday, the Turks replying energetically to their enemy's fire. Already on November 12 the Russians considered the position of Osman Pasha quite hopeless, and on that day summoned him to surrender. Though this was denied at the time, good authorities still contend that it was the case. But at any rate, with the capture of the Montule Verde—or Green Hill—by Skobeleff, Osman Pasha's chances of escape were reduced to a minimum. And these chances were still further reduced to zero when the Roumanians crossed the Danube and captured Rahova and Dzibra Palanka, driving the weakened garrisons into Widdin, and occupying the main road from Lom Palanka to Sophia, which cuts through Osman Pasha's line of retreat.

If Osman Pasha had seized the opportunities he still had during the month of October, he might have saved his army of 40,000 to 50,000 men. But from whatever cause—whether because of his orders from Constantinople, or because he wanted to gain time by engaging and holding fast an army of over 100,000 men, in order to allow the Porte to form a fresh army south of the Balkans—he omitted to do this, and has no further chance of forcing the enemy's lines, unless he hears the thunder of Mehemet Ali's artillery coming to the rescue, whilst Fazli Pasha on the Lom line, and Raouf Pasha at the Schibka, engages the troops of the Cesarevitch and General Radetzki. That things were rapidly approaching a crisis we pointed out last week, and drew attention to the arrangements the Turkish commanders were making at the last moment. Mehemet Ali was still at Sophia, but had sent forward an advance column, which reoccupied Berkovtcha. Raouf Pasha opened a heavy fire on the Russian lines in the Schibka Pass; and Suleiman, having made all the preparations he could, and set the troops going, returned to his command in the Quadrilateral.

Here, on Monday, a determined attack was made by the Turks, fourteen battalions strong, under the command of Salem and Dilaver Pashas, to force the Russian positions extending from Pirgos to Trstenik, along the high-road from Rustzuk to Biela. The accounts of the action given by the Russians and the Turks differ, but it is easy to reconcile them. The Russians acknowledge that Pirgos was burned to the ground, and that the troops holding it had to retire to Metchka. On the other hand, the Russians state that they threw the Turks across the Lom, and pursued them, and this is borne out by the Turkish statement that the Russians attacked Kadikoi, on the Rustzuk side of the Lom, but were repulsed.

The course of the action was as follows:—Salem Pasha advanced with his infantry from Lipnik, and crossing the Lom under cover of the guns of Sary Bair, fell upon Pirgos whilst the regular and Circassian cavalry, under Dilaver, advanced from Bazarbova and cut the lines between Trstenik and Metchka, thus enabling Ibrahim Pasha to carry the heights of Metchka until the whole of the 12th Russian Division was launched against them, and forced them to retire back across the Lom, pursued in turn by the Russians as far as Kadikoi, where they at last effected a stand, and the Russians withdrew to their old positions. The attempt to break through the Russian lines was therefore a failure. Nor was the cannonade at the Schibka Pass productive of any result.

This was on Monday. On the same day the news arrived in the Russian camp that Kars had fallen. Then there occurred one of those episodes so highly characteristic of military Christianity. A *Te Deum* was sung in the Tutschenitza Redoubt before Plevna, in the presence of the Czar, and the god of victories satisfied by full salvoes of shot and shell being hurled into the town. In the evening the victims were compensated for their wounds by a grand display of fireworks in honour of the event. However, that is a question of taste, with which we have nothing to do. It suffices to point out that, here in Europe, where the Turks have their greatest interests at stake, all seems lost—unless, indeed, the Russians, in their pride of triumph, should commit one of those errors which a race, fighting for its very existence, will eagerly take advantage of. It must be confessed, however, that there does not appear much room for error north of the Balkans. The chief roads traversing the Balkans, west of the Kazan Pass, are in the hands of the Russians, with the sole exception of the road running from Widdin to Nisch and Pirat, close to the south-eastern frontier of Servia. And here a long-threatening danger menaces the Turks from the west.

THE PREPARATIONS IN SERVIA.

If there was ever a country which has been cruelly treated, unjustly judged, and covered with contempt, it is Servia. She has been reproached with all the sins it is well possible to reproach a nation with. Condemned because, though free herself, owing to her own former exertions, she attempted to assist her kith and kin who were being massacred; condemned and ridiculed because she failed to do in six months what Russia, with all her power, has been unable to accomplish in the same period; and condemned because she again desires to strike a blow for her own entire freedom, and that of the Bosnian and Old Servian Slavs, it is wonderful that she still has the courage to persevere in the face of nearly all Europe—and certainly of her nearest neighbours—and is preparing, in the very midst of the scenes of her former disasters, to take up the sword again and stake her all, not only against her avowed enemies, the Turks, but also against her secret foes on the other side of the Danube, who are never weary of jeering her and invoking the Austrian Government to lay her lame. For the last two years Servia has suffered more than any country of the same size ever suffered before. And even taking her enemies' account, she has suffered from no fault of her own, but simply because she happens to occupy a part of that field which forms the disputed ground of the Eastern Question, a victim to the conflicting interests of half Europe. No doubt there are, and have been, statesmen in Belgrade who have turned this state of things to their advantage, or to what they have considered their country's advantage; and no doubt it is true that Belgrade was and is the seat of endless intrigues carried on by Austrian Slavs, by Russian agents, by Panslavistic emissaries, and the consuls of all the Powers.

But of these intrigues the bulk of the people knew nothing. All they knew, all that they were told, was that their kith and their kin were being murdered across the border, and that the hour for liberation had struck. How they were deceived, and how they suffered for the sins of diplomacy, need not be recapitulated. Suffice it to say that they are prepared to try again, and that their soldiers have been exercising and arming themselves for the fresh struggle amidst the blackened ruins of their villages, and by the sunken graves where their comrades lie buried at Saitchar, Knajevatz, and Alexinatz. And they are doing this full of bitter anxiety as to the result, and not knowing whether any reward will be theirs. They are as ignorant as anyone can be whether they will be allowed to reap the reward which Austria has as much as declared she shall not. Still they are determined to act.

But when? is the jeering reply they get from the majority of the spectators sitting round the arena. Servian action has been threatened any time this last six months, but has never begun! The reason why they did not begin was simply because the Russian commanders did not consider that the proper moment had arrived. Nor was it necessary. Before the present time and juncture of affairs they could only have effectually assisted the Russians had they been three

times as numerous, and three times as well equipped for a campaign. In the west, they might have disturbed Bosnia, but that would also have disturbed Austria, and led to endless complications, without exercising any appreciable influence on the course of the war in the East. In the south, the Montenegrins were doing all that was necessary and all that could be done without exciting the jealousy and possible action of Austria. And even the Montenegrins were advised to remain satisfied with their successes at Niksich and in the Duga Pass, and to turn their attention to the southern frontier, where Austrian susceptibilities would not be wounded so much, or at any rate where Austrian claims could not be enforced with any show of decency. In the west nothing could be done by a Servian army before the fate of Osman Pasha was sealed, and precautions taken to prevent any Turkish force from Sophia from falling on the flank of the Servian army when it should advance. Wonderful combinations, it is true, were made. Thus it was proposed that General Horvatovich should march across the frontier with his army and assist in the investment of Plevna, or at any rate to cut off Osman Pasha's line of retreat on Widdin. But the propounders of this plan forgot that to do this with any safety it would be necessary to invest Widdin with its garrison of at least 10,000 men, who care very little indeed for the spasmodic bombardment by the Roumanians at Kalafat, and would have fallen upon the Servians' rear, to say nothing of flank attacks from Sophia, Belgradjik, Rahova, or Orkhanieh. To provide against all these contingencies—immediate, not remote—would have necessitated a far larger army than the Servians can place in the field after scantily providing for their own safety at home, and having sufficient troops at Negotin, Alexinatz, and Bielina to oppose an incursion of the Turks who are still hovering on the frontier, though it is true the greater portion of these troops are Mustahafiz. But the garrison at Widdin is composed of picked men, well armed and experienced in war, so that it would have been madness to attempt to assist in the investment of Plevna. Equally rash would it have been to attempt to cut off Osman Pasha's retreat, if that retreat were to be effected by way of the cross-roads leading from Plevna to Widdin. They would have been taken between two fires—perhaps three—between that of Osman Pasha, the Widdin garrison, and Mehemet or Chakir Pashas. It is true, they might have succeeded in barring the way long enough for the Russians to come up, but they might well be excused for wishing to avoid the onset of a host driven to despair and desperation.

The proper course to pursue has been pursued. By remaining within their frontier, they, together with the Roumanians at Kalafat, have held the troops at Widdin, who would have been of great assistance to Osman Pasha, well-tried troops as they are. And now that the Roumanians have crossed the Danube at Rahova, now that General Leonoff and his brigade are at Vratza, General Gourko guarding the outlets of the Balkan passes into Bulgaria, they will be able to fall upon Osman Pasha if he succeeds in effecting his retreat by the only roads possible—that is, by those lying between the forces of General Gourko echelonned along the northern slopes of the Balkans, and those of the Roumanians posted along the Danube from Sistova to Dzibra, and perhaps to Lom Palanka.

On November 1, it is true, the Turks in Veliki Isvor and Widdin thought the Serbs were about to fall upon them. A fierce cannonade was heard, but it was only the Serbs exercising and at artillery practice. They had placed the targets on a bare height, full in view of the Turks, scarcely four kilomètres from the frontier, and evidently enjoyed the consternation and excitement amongst the Turkish outposts and guards posted along the Timok. The practice was very good; and was carried out under the inspection of General Protich and Major Georgevitch, chief of the staff, who studied in Berlin, and is considered the best officer the Servians possess after Horvatovich, though in all probability his scientific attainments are of a still higher order. At present all is ready for the Servian army to cross the frontier. It would not be fair to specify the number of troops disposable, nor the exact positions they occupy. Suffice to say that they are concentrated in unequal divisions round Negotin, Saitchar, and Knajevatz; and that the course of operations, when action is taken, will coincide with what we have described as the most reasonable plan.

CYPRIAN FANCIES.

A very interesting account of a journey through Cyprus by Franz von Löher has just been published in the *Cologne Gazette*. The account is not only interesting in itself, but the conclusions of Herr von Löher are doubly interesting from their being the expression of a train of thought very prevalent in Germany, and of which there is evidence the German Government intend making use of if possible. Herr von Löher's conclusions are of a political as well as of a philosophical character. His political conclusions are contained in the following passages:—"What race must gradually take the place of the Osmanli? None else than the Greek. . . . It would take too long to show how this change of rule could be effected. Probably Turkey will disintegrate into several smaller States, which would afterwards unite together; the whole character of the country, which is cut up into isolated districts by mountain chains and inlets, points to this solution." "And we Germans? Could we stand idly by if events took such a turn (the dismemberment of Turkey)? Whatever may be the result of the reaction in Central Europe, there is no doubt that we cannot abandon the East to the Russians. By the possession of the East and its sources of wealth, they would become too strong for us. These regions are the most important for our export. To them our Danube and the finger of our Future both point. We ought not to spare the utmost exertions to prevent these countries from being cut off from us by an iron Russian girdle as East and West Prussia and Posen have been cut off. Our interests command us then, first of all, to extend our protection to the Greeks, and to help them to develop their destinies in the East. If the conflict between the Turks and the Russians breaks out we cannot stand quite aloof, and must have a voice in the solution. But if there should happen to be a general scramble in the East, we have just as much right there as the Russians, the English, the Italians, and the French. We Germans have cultivated ancient Greece with our intellect and study ten times more than any other nation. The Emperor Frederick II. did not think twice when he made Cyprus a vassal state of Germany."

Now, though it is not quite easy to see why an industrious pupil should possess the property of the master to whom he owes his education, it is indubitably the fact that the Germans do regard themselves entitled to enter in some measure upon the heritage of the ancient Grecians in virtue of their studies, and love, and admiration of Hellas. The same principle prevails in many relations of life. It is quite enough for a man to be desperately in love with a woman, to regard himself as her only legitimate owner, whether she will or no. Still, though it sometimes happens that the lady successfully resists her admirer, all that Herr von Löher advances may be conceded. Germany has every right to woo and win the Queen of the Mediterranean if it can. Still, as sometimes happens in real cases of love, the lady may prefer somebody else, may prefer to remain independent, or, finally, may be abducted by some jealous and more energetic admirer. All these are contingencies it might be worth while inquiring into.

According to the highest authority in England on the subject, the policy of Prince Bismarck in Mediterranean waters is the protection of the Greeks. The reasons for this policy are manifold. They are commercial, they are political, and consequently military. Germany—in such questions, Austria must be included—possesses two outlets into the Mediterranean—the Adriatic and,

though somewhat modified in extent, the Danube. To protect and further these interests, the Germans have frequently demanded and contemplated the acquisition of a naval station in the Mediterranean. Politically the possession of such a station would further the interests of Greece and the Greeks, who, since the tension between Greece and Russia, offer a tempting inducement to Germany to secure their services to counterbalance the consolidation of the Slav States on the Danube and the Black Sea. If Prince Bismarck, in whom we personify Germany, has an interest in the Eastern Question, as he has avowed that he has, it is clear that he would not omit seizing the advantages which a close alliance with Greece offer to him. On the other hand, also, the Greeks would be but too glad to secure the assistance of so powerful a State, especially as the two nations have such a common field of interest in the admiration of ancient Hellas to the highest degree of enthusiasm. And the incentives to such an alliance increase in intensity the more the distrust of Russia possesses German and Greek.

Now Cyprus would be a very eligible possession for any Power. It has excellent harbours, it lies in a commanding position, and is rich enough in all natural products to pay its way, and leave a good round surplus besides. It is within a convenient, but not a threatening, distance from Port Said, Constantinople, and Smyrna, the latter town being destined at perhaps no very distant period to become the metropolis of Asia Minor, and the nucleus of a State whose prospective wealth would make it a formidable obstacle to Russian advance further west, *viâ* Asia Minor, to the Dardanelles and Bosphorus. The possession of Cyprus by a civilised Power would also greatly raise the trade of Alexandretta and Beyrout, and be the outpost for the great commercial routes, *viâ* Aleppo and Damascus. There can thus be no doubt as to the value of Cyprus to any Power, which has paramount interests in the East to guard, as a station whence to further the advance of civilisation and commerce, in the first place, and, secondly, to protect the neutrality of the Suez Canal, without being threateningly near it. From a purely military point of view, Cyprus may not have much value, except as a depôt and base of operations, and except in the case of a war with Russia or Turkey, when it would present advantages of the highest importance, which, however, need not be pointed out now.

What we have chiefly to do at present is to assume that no Western Power entertains any designs upon Cyprus. On the contrary, taking up the thread of Herr von Löher's argument, it is more advisable to assume that Cyprus, of which the population is thoroughly and praiseworthily Greek, shall be part of the heritage which sooner or later must revert to the Hellenic race. The question is what are the capabilities of the modern Greeks, and what are their claims to the heritage now falling into abeyance? Their claims based on their connexion with remote antiquity which is much to their credit, are counterbalanced by their connexion with the Byzantian period which is very far from their credit. They must be taken as they are, apart from general historical and literary claims.

Now Herr von Löher, whilst recognising the intellectual and commercial talents of the modern Greeks—and pleading for them—draws a most forbidding picture of their political life, although he acknowledges their capabilities for local administration. Boundless and petty vanity, insatiable ambition, faithlessness, inconstancy, deceitfulness, fraud, heartless robbery, insatiable avarice, with endless other sins, "as though all the vices of the East had centred in them," distinguish the Greek character, "so that when a Greek peasant is serving on a jury, he can scarcely ever withstand the temptation to acquit the prisoner, as he never knows when his own turn may come next." Herr von Löher is thus perfectly aware of the character of the people he writes of. It is the character almost universally given of them by all impartial observers, and would therefore seem to invalidate all claims of the Greeks to succeed to the rule of Islam.

But the deduction would be most unjust. On more than one occasion we have pointed out that there are Greeks and Greeks. There is Hellas and the Fanar—Hellas emasculated into a servile eunuch of the Porte, ever ready to pander to its desires for the sake of its commission. It is this section of a bastard Greek race which has made the modern Greeks what Herr von Löher describes. With its disappearance the ugly picture he has drawn would speedily melt away, like a horrible dream. Those who knew what Athens, Syra, Kallimaki, Patras, &c., were, only fifteen or twenty years ago, can scarcely recognise them now, and, great as the change is in the cities, it is still greater in the country. Formerly, where a river rolled down from the mountains in a torrent of devastation, not a drop now reaches the sea. It is tapped along its course to irrigate the soil, till every drop is used to feed the crops, which grow richer every day. There cannot be the slightest vestige of a doubt as to the capability of the Greek to succeed to the Turk. But with the Turk the Fanar must go. That is his "bag and baggage" to which Mr. Gladstone has been alluding, for the Turk has no other bag or baggage. Had Mr. Gladstone been able to bring his mind clearly to state this at the beginning, much misconception would have been avoided. Probably his admiration of Homeric times prevented him from bearing too hardly on the unworthy descendants of a great race. But if once this excrescence were excised, the Greek race would remain in its homogeneity, uninfected by the disease it suffers from, and it is thus difficult to see why the Greeks, of all people in the world, should be dispersed into a number of minor States, because of the climatic influence and landscape theory. The Greeks have, from the remotest ages, always proved themselves well able to wage war against Nature. In fact, it would be difficult to find a race which had more contempt for brute nature than the Greeks. The majesty of Olympus did not weigh upon them. The god who, throned upon its summit, was, though above them, still one of them. Nor even supposing the external phenomena of Nature did greatly influence the Greeks, there is not the least ground for the supposition that that influence would tend to isolate them. It might be the case if the districts thus cut up by Nature were inhabited by a variety of races as in the Iberian peninsula, who have not been able to escape the control of Nature; but that is not the case here. Here it is one homogeneous race, scattered somewhat, it is true, but still homogeneous and assimilating, which aspires, not to the hegemony, but to the complete rule of the regions bounded on the north by the Slavonic line.

It is fervently to be hoped that the present war will not end before some such consummation is at least inaugurated, for the sake of the Greeks as well as of the Slavs. As for Western interests—which, summed up in few words, mean all round a fear of Russian aggression and extension—let the outposts of the Western Powers be moved out further east. Whether it be Cyprus, whether it be Candia, Port Said, or Suez, which may be occupied by Germany or England, signifies but little. The question of the Dardanelles is simply a cover, the ostensible pretext for some such arrangement, and need not be considered at any length. Whether they are closed to all vessels, or open to all, remains exactly the same thing. They are a pretext—apart from the Porte, which has no claim to consideration—and pretexts are always found out sooner or later.

A "CALIPH" OF THE FRONTIER.

It is more than half a century since a youthful ascetic, named Abdul Ghafur, of the cowherd castle, took refuge from the world in the lonely island of Beyka, in the river Indus. Such was the fakir's reputation for sanctity when he emerged from his retreat, in 1835, after a twelve years' penance, and such the popular faith in his semi-divine attributes, that even a powerful prince like Dost Mahomed deemed it politic to secure his

presence and moral support during His Highness's campaign against the Sikhs. The Afghan, however, was beaten; and the soldier-monk settled down in the hill principality of Swat, where the tribesmen presented him with a mosque and lands. Stories about his miraculous virtues were soon spread abroad. It was even said that pilgrims from Turkey were transported through the air, in a night, from Swat to the Bosphorus. His fame even surpassed that of the Cashgarian Khojas, for whose descendants the Central Asian chiefs organised the last *jihad* witnessed in that part of the world; and the "Akhoond Sahib" commanded as deep a reverence and as absolute a submission as ever were accorded to any Mahomedan Caliph; whilst his name became a household word in every town and village of Upper India and the Punjab, and from Khelat to Bokhara. His great religious influence even in British territory received a curious and emphatic illustration in his victory, a few years back, over his rivals, the descendants of Pir Kaka, whose shrine, situated in the hills within the frontier, was reputed to be one of the holiest in Asia. The dispute turned on a question of ritualism—whether, in their genuflections, the Kaka family, and the numerous patrons of the shrine, bowed towards Mecca, or only to the black stone which the former had set up as a wonder-working relic of their ancestor. The Akhoond, maintaining the latter view, caused the stone to be broken, and the whole matter was solemnly discussed at a gathering of 500 law doctors and others at the great mosque of Peshawur. The excommunication issued by the Akhoond against his refractory rivals appears to have been generally respected in British territory as well as beyond the border. But it seems that the Akhoond's ritualistic scruples sometimes affect English interests rather inconveniently; for the writer of an interesting paper, in a number of the Lahore *Public Opinion* for 1874, says that, in consequence of His Holiness's views on the unlawfulness of bestowing "janeza"—funeral rites—on the Government's native officials, many of them feel constrained to retire from the service earlier than they otherwise would. But, nominally, the Akhoond holds only the second highest political rank in Swat, whose history and organisation are much more interesting than those of any neighbouring petty State or chiefship. In former times, the principality extended into the Punjab, though, under Afghan pressure, it was ultimately reduced to its present modest limits. The State is now a confederation of small tribes or clans, ruled by an elective "king" or chief, and capable, it is said, of mustering about 20,000 matchlock men. Swat owes much of its predominance among the border chiefships to the connexion of its "kings" with the surrounding tribes. Thus, in 1855, it chose as its temporal head a Syud from that very colony of Hindustani fanatics at Sittana whose misdeeds led to the Umbeyla campaign of 1863. But of course it derives its main influence from the "Akhoond"—doctor, preacher—who is practically the chief. And, finally, it owes much to its geographical position on the Peshawur frontier, which may conveniently be described as a horse-shoe, about 250 miles in circumference, with the tips towards India, and bisected longitudinally by the Cabul river, which falls at right angles into the Indus, at a point nearly equidistant between the tips. Separated by hill ranges from the Indian frontier, Swat lies about midway on the circumference. It is impossible to state with anything like precision the total fighting strength of these tribes. The Afreedees, however, can muster between 15,000 and 20,000 armed men; and, judging from the experience of the Umbeyla campaign, together with the statements given in 'Treaties and Sunnuds,' by Mr. Aitchison, secretary to the Government of India in the Foreign Department, the commonly received estimate of 100,000 to 130,000 may perhaps be accepted as an approximation to the truth.

The first reflection suggested by a review of frontier history is that the main disturbances—or those which the Indian official records, as well as popular rumour, have attributed, more or less exclusively, to the influence of Cabul or Swat—have been contemporaneous with an enlargement of territory, or an intervention of some sort. The annexation of the Punjab was followed by a series of outbreaks among the Momunds, whose chiefs were in receipt of yearly allowances from the Ameer, and among the Otman Kheyls, Ranezais, and Afreedees, the first and second of whom acknowledged, to some extent, the sovereignty of Swat. Even their intra-frontier brethren joined the hill Momunds in burning British villages, and slaughtering their inhabitants, until Sir Colin Campbell's severe measures, and a rigidly enforced blockade, brought them all to their senses. The former were allowed to re-settle on the terms usually exacted in a frontier treaty, among which the expulsion or extradition of criminals, and abstention from collision with tribes hostile to the British Government, are conspicuous. The hill clans have been quiet ever since; whilst their settled relatives behaved so very well during the year of the Mutiny that the Government rewarded Ahmed Shere, leader of one of their sections, with a grant of land. In a word, one may here detect the first instance of a process which began with the conquest of the Punjab, is still gradually continued, and constitutes perhaps the most promising feature of border politics, viz., the interposition between the Indian population and the independent tribes of a belt of reclaimed clansmen, who, while retaining all their martial qualities, are gradually acquiring a taste for Anglo-Indian civilisation.

The Afreedees also became more violent than they had ever been even in the time of the Sikhs; and the passes, like the territory of Swat, became the refuge of every robber and cut-throat who chafed under the restraints of the new *raj*. The clans of the Kohat Pass were, says Mr. Aitchison, in vol. ii., p. 391, of the 'Treaties and Sunnuds,' "incited to lawless acts by emissaries of the Cabul Government," and it would have been strange if their neighbours of the Jowakih Pass had not also been tampered with. The Government at that time learned that the actual offenders in border warfare are not always the most guilty. It turned out that the depredations of the Adam Kheyl Afreedees—living between the passes—had been instigated by the Jowakihs. In the same way, the Jydoons of the Hazara district, at the northern and opposite corner of the frontier, had been forced into hostilities by their more powerful neighbours, the "Sittana fanatics." And in each case, the weaker side readily broke away from the alliance, at the instance of the Government. The Jowakihs also—perhaps the most turbulent tribe with which we have come in contact—faithfully observed, for a great many years, their promises of good behaviour. But these Afreedees had also a grievance of their own; and just as the Beloochees of the present day resent the presence of Lord Lytton's engineers, so the Gulla clansmen's "suspicions were aroused by the construction of the new road from Kohat towards their fastnesses." The recent outrage at Quettah was analogous to that which was perpetrated by the Aka Kheyl Afreedees, who, in the autumn of 1854, surrounded the party under Lieutenant Hamilton, and almost exterminated it. The history of these times contains many examples of the wholesome effect of severe and prompt retaliation *plus* a really effective blockade. Not only did the Aka Kheyls, the Kookees of the Khyber, and many of their neighbours, gladly pay heavy fines as an acknowledgment of their repentance, and a condition of their free access to British territory, but their future relations with the Government continued to be, for many years, of the most peaceable description.

And finally, the history of the disturbances in which the Akhoond himself has been directly implicated will be found to be extremely suggestive of the weakness inherent in tribal combinations, whether religious or political. The disruption of the league between the Swatees, Otman Kheyls, and Ranezais in 1850–3, when the Akhoond gave shelter to refugees from British territory, and even presented them with grants of land, was caused by internal dissensions as much as by the Government's retaliatory measures. But the crowning

example of the characteristic alluded to has appeared in the most formidable combination and the most desperately fought campaigns recorded in the story of frontier warfare, namely, the Umbeyla campaign of 1863, organised under Sir Neville Chamberlain, for the punishment of the Sittana colonists. Alarmed, probably by the secresy of the English operations, and the suddenness of the army's appearance in their territory—which lay between it and the Sittana fastnesses—the Bonairs offered a gallant and determined resistance. On October 31 the general in command wrote that there had already sprung up a league of "almost all the tribes from the Indus to Cabul." Thousands upon thousands rushed to the scene of action, under the standard of the Akhoond of Swat. Yet, in a few weeks this formidable combination melted away, and, in spite of the efforts of the Akhoond, there was witnessed the singular spectacle of those same indomitable Bonairs assisting the English troops in the final destruction of the "Hindustani" stronghold. It is impossible to read the narrative of that campaign without being impressed by its testimony to the immense value of personal influence in all our relations with the border tribes. The anxiously expected arrival of the Peshawur Commissioner from his visit to England was in itself worth a thousand bayonets—such was the estimation in which he was held even among the most incorrigible of the frontier clans. The event was significant of that native confidence in English justice and integrity so often revealed in the careers of men like Lord Lawrence, General Jacob, and Sir Herbert Edwardes—the last of whom was occasionally invited to mend a breach of the peace between the Sikhs and their refractory neighbours, when the former were still supreme in the Punjab.

It is only, perhaps, when thus studied in the light of past events, that the recent disturbances in the Peshawur district, and the rumours of Shere Ali's solicitations to the Akhoond of Swat, are capable of being estimated at their true significance. They appear to be the faint repetition of circumstances that have passed away without leaving any appreciable legacy of evil. The report of the Ameer's appeals to the "Caliph" of the Frontier proves the importance of the Akhoond in popular estimation, even if it proves nothing else. But it has been seen to how comparatively small account the Spiritual Head of Swat has turned his opportunities for mischief when these were at their best. There therefore seems but little to fear from him now that he is past eighty, and still less, perhaps, from the Akhoond on whom his mantle may fall. As for the tribes, their history shows that they have been far more peaceful in the time of the English than in that of any previous rulers of India; that their relations with the Indian Government have, on the whole, been improving; and that in spite of their reputation for treachery, they have even been more conspicuous for observance than for breach of promise. There are even grounds for the hope that the excellent example of the intra-frontier clans may gradually exercise a wholesome influence on their extra-territorial kinsmen. Nevertheless, it is quite probable that the contamination of Afreedee violence and villany may spread far beyond the Kohat Hills. For all these reasons it has been found advisable to take a leaf out of Sir Colin Campbell's book—by marching into their fastnesses, and blowing their forts about their ears. Stringent conditions of peace must be exacted from every clan guilty of aiding and abetting the original criminals.

MR. TOOTH AND THE PUBLIC WORSHIP ACT.

The "aggrieved parishioner," of whom we have lately heard so much, must be sorely discomfited by the decision given on Monday in the Court of Queen's Bench in the case of the Rev. Mr. Tooth. It is distressing to find that, after the whole heavy artillery of the law has, at vast expense and with infinite trouble, been put in force to coerce a recalcitrant priest, the contumacious gentleman should escape like a bird out of the snare of the fowler, and leave his pursuers in painful uncertainty as to whether they are not liable to several years of harassing litigation by way of reprisals. For the general public, or at any rate for that portion of it which regards squabbles about copes, chasubles, the use of incense, the elevation of the elements, and other such matters, with quiet amusement rather than with grave and serious interest, there will be apparent, in the history of this melancholy case, a singular and pleasing illustration of the irony of fortune. Mr. Tooth, who, by the aid of his lawyers, has at last triumphed completely over his enemies and persecutors, is beyond all question the typical offender whom the Public Worship Act was intended to hit. His offences against ecclesiastical law were as numerous and notorious as they were wilful and perverse. Whatever had been declared illegal, that Mr. Tooth resolutely persisted in doing. He took up the broad ground habitually adopted by High Church clergymen, that, on all matters of discipline, and more especially with regard to the regulation of public worship, the voice of the Church is the sole authority, and that the voice of the Church means the voice of the individual minister. Other reverend gentlemen who have held the same opinions have, with a due regard to consequences, shown a wise discretion by refraining to put them into practice. Mr. Tooth, to do him justice, was at any rate consistent, and acted upon his views, such as they were, with a pertinacity which, in a more reasonable cause, would have commanded respect. When his parishioners remonstrated with him, his reply was that it was their duty, in all such matters, to obey their pastors and those who were put in authority over them. When the Bishop of the diocese remonstrated, the incumbent of Hatcham politely but firmly informed him that his ideas on these, as on many other subjects, were erroneous and mistaken. A remonstrance from the Archbishop was met with a similar objection.

Ultimately, preparations were made for a serious campaign, and the heavy guns of the Public Worship Act were brought to bear upon the offender. The requisite official steps were, as it was thought at the time, correctly taken. The Bishop of Rochester made the proper "representation" to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Archbishop issued a requisition to Lord Penzance, the Judge under the Act, to adjudicate upon the offence. When, however, Lord Penzance summoned Mr. Tooth to appear before him, Mr. Tooth blandly replied that, as a priest of the Catholic Church, he felt it his duty to disregard the authority of all earthly tribunals whatever, and that he should treat any proceedings which might or might not be taken against him in his Lordship's Court, as a nullity. The case was accordingly proceeded with, and determined *in absentem*. Judgment was pronounced, and Mr. Tooth was suspended, and condemned in costs *in contumaciam*. The suspension, and the condemnation, in pursuance of his threat, he serenely disregarded, and continued to hold his services at Hatcham, in his own manner, as if nothing had happened. Ultimately, however, the law was vindicated, although in a somewhat unsatisfactory manner. The clergyman nominated by the Bishop as Mr. Tooth's substitute entered Hatcham Church, and took possession of it by something very like force, and Mr. Tooth himself was arrested for contempt of Court, in refusing to pay the costs in which he had been condemned, and suffered a considerable period of imprisonment, as a first-class misdemeanant, in Horsemonger Lane Gaol. It might have been thought that here the matter would have ended. There is, however, an old saying, to the effect that if you go to supper with the devil, you must have a long spoon, and those who go to law with a priest will do well to consider the pertinacity of purpose which is the chief element in the priestly character. No sooner was Mr. Tooth released from durance vile than he resolved to fight his enemies with their own weapons. They had brought the law to bear upon him, and he, he resolved, would see if he could not make reprisals. The advice of eminent counsel was taken, and, after considerable research and much consultation of authorities, it was discovered that there had been a

flaw in the proceedings against the reverend gentleman, by which they were rendered absolutely void *ab initio*. The request by the Archbishop to Lord Penzance had required him to hear the case "at any place in London or Westminster, or within the diocese of Rochester." The Act itself prescribes that the Archbishop "shall require the Judge to hear the matter of the representation at any place within the diocese or province, or in London or Westminster." By some unaccountable error the exact form of the Act was not followed, and the words "or the province" were omitted. Whether the omission in itself would have vitiated the request is a point which was not raised, and was not decided; but it seems that, on receipt of the request, Lord Penzance cited Mr. Tooth to appear before him at Lambeth, and, in default of such appearance, sat himself at Lambeth, and there heard and determined the case. Now there is no better established legal principle than that Acts of Parliament must be in every respect exactly followed. In matters of Common Law, which are really matters of custom, reasonable latitude is allowed, but in the case of a statute, the very letter must be followed; and in the present case, Lord Penzance, by sitting at Lambeth, which is neither in London nor in Westminster, nor in the diocese of Rochester, was clearly not following the request of the Archbishop. It is from that request, however, and solely from that request, that his jurisdiction to try the case was derived, so that by not complying with the letter of the request he deprived himself of jurisdiction altogether, and the proceedings against Mr. Tooth were consequently *coram non judice* and *ab initio* void. Had Mr. Tooth appeared; had he in any way acknowledged the authority of Lord Penzance, he might be held to have waived this technical point; but by contumaciously refusing to appear, he preserved his right to take any objection, however technical, and the Court of Queen's Bench has now, at his instance, reluctantly declared that the whole proceedings have been void, and that his imprisonment has been absolutely illegal. Mr. Tooth, we are glad to see, intends to bear his triumph with moderation. He is content with his victory, and it is not his intention to bring actions for false imprisonment, as he undoubtedly has the legal right to do, against his oppressors.

At the time that the Public Worship Act was passed, we ventured to express our opinion that it was a mistake, and the subsequent course of events has not tended to shake our view. The aggrieved parishioner is a person who deserves very little sympathy. There are churches enough in England; and if a man objects to the service in his own parish church, he can surely attend some other place of worship. The Ritualists, to do them justice, have not shown any disposition to attack or harass the Low Church party; and it is a pity that Low Churchmen should be so intolerant of practices which, however childish they may be in themselves, can hardly be considered to involve essential or cardinal points of doctrine. The power which the Act gives to any three parishioners who may choose to commence proceedings against their incumbent, because, in their judgment, he conducts service in an illegal manner, is liable to be greatly abused, and to lead to a vast amount of small and petty persecution. We have no sympathy with Mr. Tooth and his banners, and his incense, and his other mummeries, but we have less sympathy with those who think it worth while to interfere with such harmless nonsense. A Ritualistic incumbent amuses himself and those who agree with him, and certainly does no harm to anyone else, and the wise and tolerant course would be within certain reasonable limits to leave him to his own devices. Certainly the excitement and agitation caused by all this unhappy ecclesiastical litigation, is, in the long run, far more mischievous than any of the evils with which Ritualistic practices are credited. The militant portion of the Low Church party, are, it is said, resolved to take warning from the present case, and to conduct future proceedings under the Act more carefully. Reasonable people will probably hope that unless very strong occasion should occur, the Act may be allowed to rest unused, and that Lord Penzance may enjoy his salary in peace, and not again incur the risk of having the proceedings in his Court prohibited by the Queen's Bench. Mr. Tooth, in announcing that, to avoid further trouble and unpleasantness, he intends to retire into private life, shows a dignity which his adversaries might with advantage imitate; while the gentle insinuation that the persecution to which he has been subjected has shattered his health, shows an adroitness in heaping coals of fire on the heads of his enemies, which suggests that the reverend gentleman is not altogether devoid of a certain sense of humour. Indeed, from first to last, there has run through these melancholy proceedings a vein of subtle irony which culminates in the fact that Lord Penzance, the supreme legal authority of the Established Church, apparently could not find amongst its members a lawyer of sufficient ability to represent him in the Court of Queen's Bench, and was driven, in self-defence, to retain the eminent services of Mr. Benjamin.

THE END OF THE DETECTIVES.

For the first time since the establishment of the Central Criminal Court the Sessions of one month have overlapped the Sessions of another, and "the Great Detective Case," which was begun on October 24, has lasted till November 20. At an enormous cost to the public the gratifying disclosure has been made that men on whose strict integrity all but the criminal classes of society depend are at the service of any scoundrel whose purse is sufficiently long. Such at least is the first impression produced by the verdict of the jury. But perhaps the popular excitement and horror at the discovery that detectives sometimes require to be detected is a somewhat reassuring symptom. We are not disturbed by a railway accident, or the brutal murder of a wife by her husband, having learned by long experience what wives and third-class passengers are made for. And the fact that extensive corruption has appeared in the police force for the first time in 1877 is perhaps rather a subject for congratulation than for dismay. It is true that there is a modifying circumstance in this satisfactory result. It is hardly likely that the first case of proved dishonesty should be actually the first case of dishonesty, and the treachery of detectives is of course particularly difficult to prove. For while on the one hand there must always be a considerable amount of *primâ facie* evidence against any officer because of the character of those with whom he has to associate on terms of apparent familiarity, yet, as Baron Pollock observed, long acquaintance with the art of assuming vices if they had them not should have taught the men who have just been convicted, and has probably taught others, to avoid what was unnecessarily compromising, and to go no further than they could help with their natural enemies. There is, therefore, we fear, some reason to suspect that we have not heard the last of Scotland Yard venality, and the Committee over which Sir Henry Selwin-Ibbetson presides will find some difficulty in persuading the public that there is no further cause for alarm. The most satisfactory part of the proceedings has undoubtedly been the acquittal of Inspector Clarke. The other prisoners were comparatively small men, but he was the second man in the force, subordinate only to Superintendent Williamson, and his conviction would have given a more startling sense of insecurity than that of all the others together. Fortunately, he was defended by counsel of great ability, and the advocacy of Mr. Clark removed any chance that an innocent man might be included in the sacrifice offered to the anger and terror of respectable society. A charge of felony is still pending against Inspector Clarke, as well as against Meiklejohn; but as the former was, with the consent of the Solicitor-General, released upon his own recognisances, it is not likely that any further proceedings will be taken. We may take, as the nett immediate result of the trial, that there has been gross

corruption in the detective force, but that it has not reached so high in the official scale as was at first anticipated.

It is impossible to doubt the justice of the jury's verdict. The evidence of Benson and Kurr, though the law does not make it necessary that such evidence should be corroborated, would of course be received with great suspicion; but swindlers may tell the truth when there is an adequate motive, and the fact that Meiklejohn and Druscovich had used cheques signed by Kurr, the former to pay for a new house, and the latter to discharge his debts, confirmed the statements which some hope of a speedier release from confinement probably induced the convicts to make. Palmer was convicted by his own handwriting in letters and telegrams; and a telegram sent to Rotterdam with the object of frustrating the extradition of Benson, was distinctly brought home to Froggatt. In the face of the evidence it is difficult to see how the jury could have acquitted any of the four, and the recommendation of Druscovich and Palmer to mercy seems to have proceeded rather from a consideration of their past services, and the greater or more prolonged guilt of Meiklejohn, than on any claims of their own. Baron Pollock showed a sound discretion in disregarding such irrelevant topics, and if the following remarks had been present to the mind of Lord Justice Brett when he was trying a recent notorious case, they might have saved him from a serious error of taste and judgment. "Although," said Baron Pollock, "the position you have long occupied with credit and respectability must be remembered, still against you it must be remembered that that very fact ought to have made you the last persons to have fallen into the temptation." That we believe to be the sound view, as it is the view recommended with some hesitation by Bentham. Public service should be sufficiently rewarded without reference to Courts of Law, and in case of a criminal conviction they should be totally disregarded. It will be found wisest and most expedient to make legal punishment independent of social standing, for while on the one hand a man in a good position will feel his sentence more than a man out of the street, on the other hand there is much more excuse for the latter than there is for the former. In regard to the extent of their punishment, the prisoners are partly unlucky and partly fortunate. They are fortunate in that they were put on their trial for conspiracy at common law, and so escaped the penal servitude which is given to every postman who betrays his trust by intercepting letters, and which Baron Pollock more than hinted he would have inflicted in this case if he had had the power. They are unlucky in that a certain statute of 14 & 15 Victoria provides for the imposition of that hard labour which the common law genially ignores, in case the conspiracy has for its object to prevent, obstruct, or defeat the course of public justice. This curious state of things shows that the law of conspiracy is still in a condition more interesting than rational. It is not very long since the public, which had acquiesced in the comparatively justifiable law laid down by Mr. Justice Lush and the Recorder, were suddenly startled by a ruling of Baron Pollock, that if two or more persons agreed to travel in no omnibuses which were not painted blue, that would be a conspiracy at common law. It was then felt that to punish people for agreeing to do anything which a Judge might think improper, though anyone might have done it singly with impunity, was scarcely worthy of a civilised country; and it is partly due to Baron Pollock and his ruling that the recent Masters and Servants' Act was passed, which in one branch of human affairs has caused conspiracy to take its proper and very subordinate place. It is to be hoped that this trial may induce us to go a little further, and to provide that nothing shall be unlawful when done by several persons, which would be lawful if done by one. If a man obstructs the course of justice, or tries to obstruct it, let him be punished for the crime or the attempt, as indeed he can be, for we believe that an act which if done in a Superior Court would amount to contempt, and be the subject of commitment, could if done in Petty Sessions only lead to an indictment. An offence may become more serious, or at least more alarming, if it involve a number of defendants, but in that case the Judges may safely be trusted to visit it with exceptional severity. Conspiracy is a loose description of an ill-defined offence, and should be removed from the English law as soon as may be.

"Few and weary are the readers," says Macaulay, "who are in at the death of the Blatant Beast," thereby showing that he had not himself read or remembered the "Faery Queene," where the beast in question does not die. Very few indeed, and incapable of fatigue must be the persons who have read through the evidence in the preliminary and final inquiries in the case of the Queen against Meiklejohn, Druscovich, Palmer, Froggatt, and Clarke. If any such there be, they must have often asked themselves whether it was absolutely necessary that every scrap of evidence in a criminal case should be given twice over, and whether the doctrine that there are no admissions in criminal cases should be extended to the most wearisome details of technical formality. The counsel for the prisoners would probably have consented, if they had been able to do so, to the omission of a good deal of evidence already given before Sir James Ingham. But the English law will not allow a prisoner who has once pleaded "Not guilty," and is represented by counsel, to forego any right however useless, or abandon any privilege however worthless, and so the second trial has been very like the first, except in the greater decency and decorum with which it has been conducted. The Attorney-General has increased his great reputation as a moderate, fair-minded, acute, and persuasive advocate by his conduct of the prosecution; and it is difficult to imagine him the same person who now and again astonishes the House of Commons by the intensity of his Toryism, and his extraordinary theories of the Constitution. No one supposed that Baron Pollock would unduly prolong any proceedings in which he was compelled to take a part, and his summing-up did not in this respect disappoint expectation, but the public should be grateful to him for the gravity and propriety which he managed to secure in the Court; and the absence of melodramatic accompaniment, if it has disappointed a few persons of the fairer and bolder sex, must be of benefit to the administration of justice. It may be that the presence of Jews in the jury-box compelled adjournment on Saturdays, but is to be hoped that so dangerous a legacy from the Claimant will not be too lightly accepted again.

POETRY.

UNFULFILLED.

Ere yet the sunlight caught it where it lay,
I saw a snowflake vanish utterly;
I saw a blossom perish on the spray,
Ere yet its petals opened to the bee;
I heard a yearning dissonance to-day
Fail, ere it found its final harmony.

These, symbols: yet—O saddest, and O best
Of Nature's unfulfilments! one hath pass'd,
Unscarred by any conflict, to her rest,
Who, scarcely fed, gave thanks for life's repast,
And, ere love's first full throb had stirred her breast,
Praised God for love, and smiling, smiled her last.

Well! well! such vanishings are breathings stilled
Ere yet they grew intense, and turned to sighs
We curse the stern world-providence that willed
The light away from waking baby eyes;
We sing the dirges of the Unfulfilled;
We suffer; not the innocence that dies.

L. S. Bevington.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of 'The Adventures of a Phaeton,' 'The Princess of Thule,' &c.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE PLAINS.

And here, also, as at Chicago, the demon of speculation was nearly getting the better of our small and not by any means wealthy party. It was a terrible temptation to hear of all those beautiful grazing-lands close by in the Platte valley, the freehold of which was to be purchased for a song. The fact is, things were rather bad at Omaha while we were there; and although everybody tried to hang on to his real estate in hopes of better times, still the assessments pressed hard, and one could have very eligible "lots" at very small prices. No doubt there were ominous rumours about. We heard something, as we went further west, about county commissioners, elected by the homesteaders and pre-emptors who are free from taxation, going rather wild in the way of building roads, schools, and bridges, at the cost of the mere speculators. It was said that these very non-resident speculators, whose ranks we had been tempted to join, were the curse of the country; and that all laws passed to tax them, and to relieve the real residents, were just. Very well; but what was that other statement about the arrears of taxes owing by these unhappy wretches? Was it fair of the Government of any State or any country in the world to sell such debts by auction, and give the buyer the right of extorting 40 per cent. per annum until the taxes were paid? We regarded our friends. We hinted that this statement was a capital credulometer. The faith that can accept it is capable of anything.

These profound researches into the condition of public affairs in Omaha, during the further day or two we lingered there, were partly owing to vague dreams of the pleasure of proprietorship, but no doubt they were partly due to the notion that had got into the heads of one or two of our party that the idyllic life of a shepherd in the Platte valley must be a very fine thing. The lieutenant combated this notion fiercely; and begged Lady Sylvia to wait until she had seen the harshness of life even amid the comparative luxury of a well-appointed ranch. Lady Sylvia retorted gently that we had no further knowledge of life at a ranch than herself; that she had attentively listened to all that had been said about the subject by our friends in Omaha; that harshness of living was a relative thing; and that she had no doubt Bell and her husband would soon get used to it, and would not complain.

"Oh no, she will not complain," said he lightly. "She is very reasonable—she is very sensible. She will never be reconciled to the place while her children are away; and she will have a great deal of crying by herself; but she will not complain."

"Nor would any woman," said Lady Sylvia, boldly. "She is acting rightly; she is doing her duty; I think that women are far more capable of giving up luxuries they have been accustomed to than men are."

This set the lieutenant thinking. On the morning on which we left Omaha, he came aside, and said—

"I, too, have written a letter to Mr. Balfour: shall I post it?"

"What is in it?"

"The proposal I told you of the other night—but very—very—what do you call it?—round-about. I have said perhaps he is only coming out to take his wife home sooner than you go—that is well. I have said perhaps he is waiting until the firm starts again; if that is any use when they must have been losing for years. Again, that is well. But I have said perhaps he is coming to look how to start a business—an occupation; if that is so, will he stay with us a year—see if he understands—then he will take the management and have a yearly percentage. I have said it is only a passing thought; but we will ask Lady Sylvia to stay with us at Idaho until we hear from him. He can telegraph from New York. He will tell her to remain until he comes; or to meet him somewhere; I will get someone to accompany her. What do you say?"

"Post the letter."

"It will be very pleasant for us," said he, in a second or so, as he rubbed his hands in an excited fashion, to have them out for our neighbours for a year at the least—it will be pleasant for Bell—how can she get anyone in Denver, or Idaho, to know all about her children, and Surrey? My dear friend, if you have any sense, you will stay with us too. I will show you bears."

He spoke as if he were already owner of the Rocky Mountains.

"And we will go down to Kansas—a great party, with covered waggons, and picnics, and much amusement—for a buffalo hunt. And then we will go up to the Parks in the middle of the mountains—what it is is this, I tell you: if our stay here is compulsive, we will make it as amusing as possible, you will see, if only you will stay the year too."

A sigh was the answer.

And now, as we again set out on our journey westward, the beautiful prairie-country seemed more beautiful than ever; and we caught glimpses of the fertile valley of the Platte, in which our imaginary freehold estates lay awaiting us. On and on we went, with the never-ending undulations of grass and flowers glowing all around us in the sunlight; the world below a plain of gold, the world above a vault of the palest blue. The space, and light, and colour were altogether most cheerful; and as the train went at a very gentle trot along the single line, we sat outside, for the most part, in the cool breeze. Occasionally we passed a small hamlet; and that had invariably an oddly extemporised look. The wooden houses were stuck down anyhow on the grassy plain; without any trace of the old-fashioned orchards, and walled gardens, and hedges, that bind as it were an English village together. Here there was but the satisfaction of the most immediate needs. One wooden building labelled "Drug Store," another wooden building labelled "Grocery Store," and a blacksmith's shop, were ordinarily the chief features of the community. All day we passed in this quiet gliding onwards; and when the sun began to sink towards the horizon, we found ourselves in the midst of a grassy plain, apparently quite uninhabited and of boundless extent. As the western sky deepened in its gold and green, and as the sun actually touched the horizon, the level light hit across this vast plain in long shafts of dull fire, just catching the tops of the taller rushes near us, and touching some distant sandy slopes into a pale crimson. Lower and lower the sun sank, until it seemed to eat a bit out of the horizon—so blinding was the light; while far above, in a sea of luminous green, lay one long narrow cloud, an island of blood-red.

In a second, when the sun sank, the world seemed to grow quite dark. All around us the prairie-land had become of a cold, heavy, opaque green; and the only objects which our bewildered eyes could distinguish were some pale white flowers—like the tufts of canna on a Scotch moor. But presently, and to our intense surprise, the world seemed to leap

* *Copyrighted*, 1877.

up again into light and colour. This after-glow was most extraordinary. The immeasurable plains of grass became suffused with a rich olive green; the western sky was all a radiance of lemon-yellow and silvery grey; while along the eastern horizon—the most inexplicable thing of all—there stretched a great band of smoke-like purple and pink. We soon became familiar with this phenomenon out in the West—this appearance of a vast range of roseate Alps along the eastern horizon where there was neither mountain nor cloud. It was merely the shadow of the earth, projected by the sunken sun into the earth's atmosphere. But it was an unforgettable thing; this mystic belt of colour far away in the east over the dark earth, and under the pale and neutral hues of the sky.

The interior of a Pullman sleeping-car, after the stalwart coloured gentleman has lowered the shelves, and made the beds, and drawn the curtains, presents a strange sight. The great folds of the dusky curtains, in the dim light of a lamp, move in a mysterious manner, showing the contortions of the human beings within, who are trying to dispossess themselves of their garments; while occasionally a foot is shot into the outer air so that the owner can rid himself of his boot. But within these gloomy recesses there is sufficient comfort; and he who is wakeful can lie and look out on the gathering stars as they begin to come out over the dark prairie-land. All through the night this huge snake, with its eyes of yellow fire, creeps across the endless plain. If you wake up before the dawn, and look out, behold! the old familiar conditions of the world are gone, and the Plough is standing on its head. But still more wonderful is the later awakening; when the yellow sunlight of the morning is shining over the prairies; and when within this long caravan there is a confused shuffling and dressing, everybody wanting to get outside to get a breath of the fresh air. And what is this we find around us now? The vast plain of grass is beautiful in the early light, no doubt; but our attention is quickened by the sight of a drove of antelope which trot lightly and carelessly away towards some low and sandy bluffs in the distance. That solitary object out there seems at first to be a huge vulture; but by-and-by it turns out to be a prairie-wolf—a coyote—sitting on its hind legs and chawing at a bone. The chicken-hawk lifts its heavy wings as we go by, and flies across the plain. And here are the merry and familiar little prairie-dogs—half rabbit and half squirrel—that look at us each from his little hillock of sand, and then pop into their hole, only to reappear again when we have passed. Now the long swathes of green and yellow-brown are broken by a few ridges of grey rock; and these in some places have patches of orange-red lichen that tell against the pale blue sky. It is a clear beautiful morning; even those who have not slept well through the slow rumbling of the night soon get freshened up on these high, cool plains.

At Sydney we suddenly came upon an oasis of brisk and busy life in this immeasurable desert of grass; and of course it was with an eager curiosity that we looked at these first indications of the probable life of our friend the ranchwoman. For here were immense herds of cattle brought in from the plains; and large pens and enclosures; and the picturesque herders, with their big boots and broad-rimmed hats, spurring about on their small and wiry horses.

"Shall you dress in buckskin?" asked Lady Sylvia of our lieutenant, "and will you flourish about one of those long whips."

"Oh, no," said he. "I understand my business will be a very tame one—all at a desk."

"Until we can get some trustworthy person to take the whole management," said Bell, gently, and looking down.

"What handsome fellows they are!" the lieutenant cried, "It is a healthy life—look at the keen, brown faces, the flat back, the square shoulders; and not a bit of fat on them. I should like to command a regiment of those fellows—fancy what cavalry they would make—light, wiry, splendid riders—you could do something with a regiment of those fellows, I think! Lady Sylvia, did I ever tell you what two of my company—the dare-devils!—did at ——?"

Lady Sylvia had never heard that legend of 1870; but she listened to it now with a proud and eager interest; for she had never forsaken, even at the solicitation of her husband, her championship of the Germans.

"I will write a ballad about it some day," said the lieutenant, with a laugh. "*Es ritt' zwei Uhlanen wohl über den Rhein* ——"

"Yes!" said Lady Sylvia, with a flash of colour leaping to her face, "It *was* well over the Rhine—it was indeed well over the Rhine, that they and their companions got before they thought of going home again!"

"Ah, yes," said he, humbly, "but it is only the old see-saw. To-day it is Paris; to-morrow it is Berlin that is taken. The only thing is that this time I think we have secured a longer interval than usual—the great fortresses we have taken will keep us secure for many a day to come—our garrisons are armies; they cannot be surprised by treachery—and so long as we have the fortresses, we need not fear any invasion——"

"But you took them by force: why should not the French take them back by force?" his wife said.

"I think we should not be likely to have that chance again," said he; "the French will take care not to fall into that condition again. But we are now safe, and for a long time, because we have their great fortresses, and then our old line of the Rhine fortresses as well. It is the double gate to our house; and we have locked all the locks, and bolted all the bars. And yet we are not going to sleep."

We were again out on the wide and tenantless plains; and Bell was looking with great curiosity at the sort of land in which she was to find her home, for over there on the left the long undulations disappeared away into Colorado. And though these yellow and grey-green plains were cheerful enough in the sunshine, still they were very lonely. No trace of any living thing was visible—not even an antelope or the familiar little prairie-dog. Far as the eye could reach on this high-lying plateau, there was nothing but the tufts of withered-looking buffalo-grass, with here and there a bleached skull or the ribs of a skeleton breaking the monotony of the expanse. The lieutenant, who was watching the rueful expression of his wife's face, burst out laughing.

"You will have elbow-room out here, eh?" said he. "You will not crowd your neighbours off the pavement."

"I suppose we shall have no neighbours at all," said she.

"But at Idaho you will have plenty," said he; "it is a great place of fashion, I am told; it is even more fashionable than Denver. Ah, Lady Sylvia, we will show you something now. You have lived too much out of the world, in that quiet place in Surrey. Now we will show you fashion, life, gaiety!"

"Is it bowie-knives or pistols that the gentlemen mostly use in Denver?" asked Lady Sylvia, who did not like to hear her native Surrey despised.

"Bowie-knives! Pistols!" exclaimed the lieutenant, with some indignation. "When they fight a duel now, it is with tubes of rose-water. When they use dice, it is to say which of them will go away as missionaries to Africa—oh, it is quite true—I have heard many things of the reformation of Denver. The singing-saloons, they are all chapels now. All the people meet once in the forenoon and once in the afternoon to hear an exposition of one of Shakespeare's plays; and the rich people-

they have sent all their money away to be spent on blue china. All the boys are studying to become bishops——"

He suddenly ceased his nonsense, and grasped his wife's arm. Some object outside had caught his attention—she instantly turned to the window, as we all did; and there, at the distant horizon, we perceived a pale transparent line of blue. You may be sure we were not long inside the carriage after that. The delight of finding something to break the monotony of the plains was boundless; we clung to the iron barrier outside, and craned our necks this way and that, so that we could see from farthest north to farthest south the shadowy, serrated range of the Rocky Mountains. The blue of them appeared to be about as translucent as the silvery light in which they stood; we could but vaguely make out the snow-peaks in that long serrated line; they were as a bar of cloud along the horizon. And yet we could not help resting our eyes on them with a great relief and interest, as we pressed on to Cheyenne, at which point we were to break our journey and turn to the south. It was about mid-day when we reached that city, which was a famous place during the construction of the Union Pacific Railway, and which has even now some claim to distinction. It is with a pardonable pride that its inhabitants repeat the name it then acquired, and all right to which it has by no means abandoned. The style and title in question is "Hell on wheels."

LITERATURE.

MR. BROWNING'S AGAMEMNON OF ÆSCHYLUS.

[*Second Notice.*]

The Agamemnon of Æschylus. Transcribed by Robert Browning. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1877.

Mr. Browning felt himself required "to be literal at every cost save that of absolute violence to our language"—a theory of his duty as a translator in which we readily acquiesce. But what we question is whether the inversions by which he so conscientiously endeavours to follow the Greek even in the sequence of words are not an absolute violence to our language, and whether to use them really is to be literal. If you translate a sentence which is not upside down Greek into one which is upside down English, you are not literal, although you may have rendered the words exactly and in their very order, for you have introduced an element—that of confusion or of eccentricity—which was not in the original phrase. Any poet who is worth translating at all will have used his words with such definite intention that no exactitude in giving their equivalents can be too scrupulous, but he will have arranged them according to the wont and grammar of his language—excepting of course where there is some artistic motive for irregularity—and the way to make his translated words produce on foreigners a like effect with that which his original words produced on his own countrymen must surely be to arrange them according to the wont and grammar of the foreigners' language. Difficult poet as Æschylus may have been, he could never have puzzled Greeks as Englishmen must be puzzled by this:—

> And they send, lighting up with ungrudged vigour,
> Of flame a huge beard, ay, the very foreland
> So as to strike above, in burning onward,
> The look-out which commands the Strait Saronic.

Or this:—

> And Fortune, saviour, willing on our ship sat,
> So as it neither had in harbour wave-surge
> Nor ran aground against a shore all rocky.
> And then, the water-Hades having fled from
> In the white day, not trusting to our fortune,
> We chewed the cud in thoughts.

Such passages as these—and there are scores of them—convey at first sight, or worse still at first hearing, no meaning whatever. One must take the Greek text to elucidate them, and then, re-reading them several times, accustom oneself to them; they will thus, like passages which have been difficult in a language with which one is not thoroughly familiar, become intelligible and expressive, and their really great force may be appreciated. It is difficult to suggest any process by which those who cannot use the Greek text may arrive at a like appreciation; the resource of tracing out the meaning and reducing the sentences to uninverted prose is scarcely open to them, for without Æschylus to translate Browning how can they track out the meaning?

Many of the inversions by which Mr. Browning puts the dutiful among his readers into a position of mind, if not of body, like that of the Irishman who had to stand on his head to read a signboard which had somehow been fixed upside down, are owing to the supplementary half-foot with which he has elected to terminate his blank verse—why, there is no telling, for nothing could be less like the iambus which terminates the iambic line of Greek tragedy. The "Saxon" English to which he mainly adheres, as an Englishman should, is habitually monosyllabic, and the majority of its monosyllables are strong; hence, to get a dissyllable, or, as a substitute, a strong monosyllable followed by a weak one, at the end of every line, is a difficult operation, and a phrase may have to be distorted to effect it. For instance, "Thee, in this tenth year's light, am I returned to"—which, however, is quite intelligible—is not by any means the nearest approach to the sequence of the Greek *δεκάτῳ σε φέγγει τῷδ' ἀφικόμην ἔτους*, and must have been arranged merely to get the half-foot ending; for if it were desired to give any special prominence to the pronoun, a place at the end of the line would equally have achieved that, not very necessary, object. But generally the un-English sequence is conscientiously chosen in order to follow the Greek, and not to have adopted it would have been the far easier task. We think Mr. Browning wrong, but the literary skill which has enabled him to be wrong in this manner is marvellous.

The ruggedness of sound which adds to the bewildering effect of some of the more crabbed passages is in a great measure caused by the jerks of the inversions, and somewhat by the disyllabic termination, of which, in unrhymed verse, English ears do not promptly catch the rhythm. We must protest against this excessive ruggedness of sound as in itself a fault in translation. No doubt Æschylus was not of the mellifluous order of poets, any more than Mr. Browning himself, and should not be rendered in glib soft cadences, but he was a Greek, master of a harmonious and nicely quantitative language, and would never be cacophonous. And, since it is not possible in translating from any language into another to give the suitability of cadence and rhythmical emphasis with which even a rugged poet ever and anon enhances tender or touching meanings, it is the more unjust to create a supererogatory harshness throughout.

We may here point out too, as a minor but not entirely indifferent matter, that the system of punctuation by dashes with which Mr. Browning tries to guide his readers among perplexed clauses increases confusion, since it leads to frequent doubts as to whether any given dash means an actual break of interruption or only an extra vigorous comma. For one instance among many, when the chorus is made to ask Ægisthus, in answer to his boasting over the death of Agamemnon:—

> Dost thou say—willing, thou didst kill the man here,
> And, alone, plot this lamentable slaughter?
> I say—thy head in justice will escape not
> The people's throwing—know that!—stones and curses!

the dashes are evidently misleading, and cut up the sentence, which, though involved, is quite unbroken in construction, into what until studied seem to be several abrupt separate sections. The appearance of a difficulty is thus created where no real difficulty exists, and, to the reader who feels under no obligation of duty to understand or know the reason why, an appearance of difficulty may be much the same as a reality.

In one part of the drama, where indeed the disjunctions by dashes are frequently real and not merely apparent

disjunctions, their recurrence, together with the rendering of δὴ and δὲ (which Æschylus in each case uses with a *continuing* force for sense and sound) by the interrupting and interjectionally expletive "why," becomes actually a fault of interpretation. Æschylus has marked the character of Clytemnestra so legibly that all who run may read. Throughout her welcome of her husband she is shown as a skilful and self-possessed actress, but still an actress, and perhaps inclined to overdo her part. She "doth protest too much," she describes agonies of wifely sorrow and apprehension with careful rhetoric, and demonstrates her affection by a series of choice similes for its object. So perfectly is she mistress of her eloquence that she is even able to afford herself the subtle pleasure of giving it concealed meanings, and making it, to her own ears, announce her deadly purpose. This is not the sort of speech which would have poured out brokenly in bursts and pauses and transitional "whys." And, by its being rendered as if spoken under excitement, we lose the contrast of the strong unflinching calm in which Clytemnestra's concentrated hate manifests itself throughout, even in her boastful gloating over the details of the murder after it has taken place, and the useless passion and laments of Cassandra.

To return to the obscurities of this transcript and their causes. Mr. Browning in his own poems is not unwont to pay his readers the compliment of relying too much on their quickness of comprehension and on their possessing that full mental sympathy with their author which should enable them to detect and share the completeness of his thought where he has epitomised it in a couple of words or smuggled it in in a hint. He does not recognise that, as a rule, even thoughtful readers of poetry require to be told what it is they are to think. And he does not recognise that, brought up, as most of us are from infancy, to expect from our teachers, masters, and spiritual pastors, a great deal of words to the meaning, we cannot readily fall into the mood of a spiritual pastor who chooses to more than reverse the proportions and give us an excessive deal of meaning to the words. This being so with Mr. Browning's natural English, it is not wonderful that when he is writing in "as Greek a fashion as English will bear" he compresses the meaning by strong thrusts into so small a space, as our English idiom goes, that the phrase is apt to go halt like a Chinese lady's foot moulded to fit a conciser shoe than normal development would have required. Concision like that which is a prominent beauty of the ancient languages cannot be copied in any language which has given up almost all signs of cases and moods and which therefore is left dependent on prepositions and pronouns and such small fry to fix the positional import of its verbs and substantives. English simply cannot be given in Greek fashion, for so given it is meaningless and therefore singularly un-Greek. Mr. Browning makes Clytemnestra, who, after describing the blazing up of beacon after beacon, has mentioned yet another, say of it that it

> lacked no recognition
> Of the guard—as burning more than burnings told you.

Would any reader trusting to this English rendering only guess that "burning more than burnings told you," meant that the last named beacon burned more strongly than the others which had been mentioned? Or is it at all clear when he speaks of Zeus as

> For that wife, the many husbanded,
> Appointing many a tug that tries the limb,

that he means *on account of* that wife—*i.e.* Helen? Or, when a "slave soul" is spoken of, would it not rather be understood as if in contempt than as applying to the soul of a person fallen into slavery in whom nevertheless "the divine gift" (of prophecy) "remains?" These examples are taken by chance; such and often stronger are to be found on every page throughout the translation. They seem to be an exaggeration of the admirable reticence of all amplification of his own to which Mr. Browning adheres. It is not amplification to allow the Greek words a sufficient number of English correspondents to state their literal meaning plainly, even if the English words should be twice as many as the Greek, any more than it is overpayment to give two sixpences to discharge a debt of a shilling when you have not a shilling in your purse.

One peculiarity of Mr. Browning's method of translation is a sort of literalness which we cannot but consider as arriving, on the principle that if you go very far east you get west, at mistranslation. In all languages there are many words which have come by processes of connotation and transition to have secondary meanings more or less, sometimes entirely, superseding the old primary meaning, which acquire a sense having no reference to their root-derivation—or which having once been metaphors have come down to being mere speech-tokens used without the slightest regard to the simile they once epitomised. Wear and tear has rubbed that down as it rubs down effigies on coins in daily use, which serve the purposes they are put to just as readily with the face blurred out. The results of our insisting on treating all such words as strictly faithful to their first analogies in our ordinary employment of them would be embarrassing in any language, and in translating from any language. We are informed, for instance, that our "wife" can be traced back to mean weaver and our "lady" to mean loaf-giver, but we should scarcely think it an accurate rendering of "my wife! my lady-love!" if we found it, "Ma fileuse! mon amante donneuse de pain!" Nor could we admit the appositeness of translating "fly" by some phrase which should explain it as a carriage speeding as with wings; and even if it were "fly," the insect, it would scarcely seem essential to hunt for or to coin some name for it which should imply the creature's method of locomotion, instead of being content with whatever might be its designation in the tongue to be used. But Mr. Browning will by no means let us have a word without its pedigree. He will, by some sleight of brain, get the Greek word back into the meaning it or its root once wore, and then, by his vast and unfettered vocabulary power, constrain his English word to give the older meaning plus all compatible infusion of the later which it had come to convey in the parlance of Æschylus's times. It was said by the Greeks that the noun αἴλινος, a dirge, and its adjective, meaning plaintive or mournful, were derived from the burden Αἰ Λίνος, "Alas, Linos," in a lament for the death of Linus the son of Apollo: therefore when the Chorus chaunts for refrain αἴλινον, αἴλινον, εἰπὲ, "say a dirge, a dirge," Mr. Browning, resolved not to part with a derivation and forced if he sets the chorus singing "Ah Linus!" to give some explanation to the English reader, translates both ways at once and makes it "Ah Linos, say, ah Linos, song of wail!" which still does not convey the intended explanation to the reader unaware of αἴλινον and its origin, but leaves him to wonder what Linus and his song have to do with the matter. When Clytemnestra bids Cassandra if she cannot converse in Greek, speak καρβάνῳ χερὶ, with barbarous or foreign hand—*i.e.* make signs like a foreigner, Mr. Browning's "speech with hand as Kars (Carians) do" seems quite irrelevant although κάρβανος might be traced to a derivation from the foreign tribe of Carians. The primary meaning of παλαιστὴς is, of course, wrestler, but, by obvious gradations, it came to mean rival, and merely suitor; when therefore Mr. Browning makes Cassandra say of her cheated lover, Apollo, "But he was athlete to me—huge grace breathing" we can see, by the turn he gives the second half of the line, in what manner he contrives to reconcile his interpretation of παλαιστὴς to something approaching common sense, but it takes some time to follow him in it, and we are left unconvinced. There is no need of multiplying instances; we have noted down a long list of them, but our object is merely to illustrate a general criticism, not to pursue the ungracious task of hunting out imperfections for a catalogue.

Of downright mistranslations there is little to be said. Some there do seem to be; but they are few indeed. We say *seem* to be, because, from the peculiarities to which we have referred, it often happens that, not only

at first blush but for some time, Mr. Browning's phrases wear a meaning other than he meant, and that the careful critic, after much pondering over some surprising passage, is about reluctantly to believe in a mistranslation, when, all at once, there beams on him a new sense, not in the Greek but in the English, and everything becomes clear.

We should like to say more of this translation—a work of genius, if of genius not wholly wisely spent. We should like to point out admirable felicities of word-rendering; but our list of such—it could be a long one—would mean nothing to those who have no Greek, and would be superfluous to those who have. We should like to quote splendid passages; but, alas! there is not one unbroken by the ruggedness of sense and sound of which we have spoken, and to give such by way of the chosen completenesses which readers look to have presented them in critics' complimentary quotations would be an extreme injustice. There is no translation of the Agamemnon from which, truth to words and truth to dramatic fitness apart, we could not select, page by page, more attractive extracts; there is none so noteworthy as a whole. We could wish nothing better for literature than that Mr. Browning, having translated the Agamemnon of Æschylus, should go on to translate the Agamemnon of Robert Browning.

TRAVELS IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF BRUCE.

Travels in the Footsteps of Bruce in Algeria and Tunis. Illustrated by Fac-similes of his Original Drawings. By Lieut.-Colonel R. L. Playfair, H.B.M. Consul-General in Algeria. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Colonel Playfair is an experienced traveller in North Africa. He acknowledges himself to be the author of 'Murray's Handbook to Algeria.' In this volume one of his objects has been to provide, as he says, an "advanced handbook" for travellers who are tired of the beaten paths of travel in Europe and the East, who long for fresh fields, and are not indisposed to "roughing it" on horseback and in tents out of the track of diligences and auberges. In this purpose he may fairly claim to have succeeded; but, if this had been his only purpose, he would hardly have been justified in executing it through the medium of so sumptuous a volume as this, which would be difficult to surpass as a handsome Christmas present for persons with a turn for adventure and archæology. Colonel Playfair's chief object was to vindicate the accuracy of Bruce, and undo yet more completely the injustice done to the great traveller in his lifetime. Bruce, he admits, is his "favourite hero," and he was anxious to add "one leaf to his well-earned laurel-wreath." He was dissatisfied with the meagre account, in the first volume of Bruce's travels, of his explorations in Barbary; and, finding himself Bruce's successor as Consul-General at Algiers, he set to work to see whether he could find any hitherto unpublished matter which would throw greater light on the subject. In the records of the Consulate he found nothing, all the papers there having been destroyed by a fire before the French Conquest; but, to his joy, he discovered that there were "immense stores of manuscripts, drawings, and collections" in the possession of Lady Thurlow, Bruce's great-great-granddaughter. These were placed at his disposal, and he found that the treasure-trove contained, among other valuable material, "a collection of more than a hundred sheets, some having designs on both sides, completely illustrating all the principal subjects of archæological interest in North Africa from Algiers to Pentapolis, and executed in a style which an architectural artist of the present day could hardly excel." The great feature of this volume, then, is the reproduction in *fac-simile* of a selection from these sketches. Bruce himself entertained the idea of publishing them, but he seems to have been too discouraged by the reception given to his narrative of travel in Abyssinia to undertake the great expense of having the drawings engraved, the only means then known for reproducing them. He appears to have never even commenced the necessary letterpress. This want Colonel Playfair has supplied by travelling in Bruce's footsteps through Algeria and Tunis.

The illustration which Colonel Playfair has thus afforded of the extreme care taken by Bruce to ensure accuracy will increase the sense of the injustice which was done him in his own generation. There can be little doubt that Bruce suffered from the dislike then entertained towards his countrymen. He obtained his consulship in Algiers and royal encouragement to travel and explore when Lord Bute was Prime Minister; and when his book appeared, Macpherson's Ossianic forgeries had whetted the appetites of "the wits," and given them a handle for going all lengths in ridicule of the untrustworthiness of the Scotch. The English public were glad to join in any laugh at their expense. Bruce's nationality alone would have been a reason for that "want of complete confidence" which Boswell found in Dr. Johnson when he approached him on the subject of the travels in Abyssinia. The truth of the traveller's most incredible statements as to what he saw in Abyssinia has been sufficiently confirmed by subsequent explorers to avenge Bruce against the author of Baron Munchausen's Travels; but there was something still left for Colonel Playfair to do, namely, to show that Bruce not only was a determined and adventurous explorer, and a veracious narrator, but that he qualified himself beforehand with laborious perseverance for bringing away as complete results as possible from the countries that he visited.

A fragment of autobiography which Colonel Playfair discovered among Lady Thurlow's papers throws light upon the origin of Bruce's career as a traveller. The notion of trying to discover the fountains of the Nile had entered his mind, and he came up to London to see whether he could obtain any encouragement for the enterprise, thinking it too difficult an achievement to undertake as a private individual. But he was then untried as a traveller, and his friends at Court could not be persuaded to entertain his proposals, looking upon this as "an enterprise above the powers of extraordinary men," which it was presumption in an ordinary man to think of attempting. Accordingly Bruce could see nothing for it but to go back to his paternal estate, and spend the rest of his life in the uninviting pursuits of a Scotch laird. Still, he says, "my Lord Halifax, in many conversations, laughed at me for my intention of returning to Scotland. He said the way of rising in this King's reign, was by enterprise and discovery; that all Africa, though just at our door, was yet unexplored; that every page of Doctor Shaw, a writer of undoubted credit, spoke of some magnificent ruins which he had seen in the kingdoms of Tunis and Algiers; that now was the age to recover these remains of architecture, and add them to the King's collection." Very opportunely the Consulship at Algiers fell vacant; the post was offered to Bruce, and, after some hesitation, he accepted it. His opinion being that "the two great requisites in travelling are to see well, and to record faithfully what we have seen," and his chief object in travelling through Barbary being to see the architectural remains there, he at once proceeded to perfect himself in architectural drawing. He had been, he says, "an indifferent draughtsman in ruined architecture" for many years; he now went to Italy, and tried his powers upon the ruins of Pæstum. Finding that it took "an immense time for a single hand to design the whole parts of any ancient fabric of ornamental architecture" with the minute precision which was his ideal of how it ought to be done, he tried to obtain an assistant in Rome, but, as the work was dangerous, the only volunteer he could find was a short-sighted Bolognese, Luigi Balugani, whom, with all his training and supervision, he never succeeded in making more than "a very feeble help." The part of the work to which he chiefly directed Balugani was the foliage and other sculptured ornaments; the general dimensions he reserved for his own painstaking, working with a *camera obscura* manufactured under his own directions,

and not disdaining the aid of rule and compass. Accuracy was Bruce's chief aim as a draughtsman, and accuracy, Colonel Playfair testifies, he attained in the most scrupulous degree. The *fac-similes* produced in this volume are beautiful specimens of drawing, and no one will grudge the traveller the following characteristic boast in his autobiography. "I will not be so hard as to expect that any one man shall be an excellent sky painter, an admirable figurist, a landscape, tree and water painter, a painter of ruined picturesque architecture, of ornaments and foliage, and of straight lines. Claude Lorraine was never capable of this; Clarisso cannot; Bartolozzi is not, and Cipriani far from being able; Mr. Robert Strange is capable of no part of it. I will give them leave to take all the help that they can get, and I will choose three drawings in the King's collection and two of my own, and defy them to produce the equal in the term of two years."

The record of travels with which Colonel Playfair accompanies Bruce's drawings and a few photographs taken by his travelling companion in Tunis, Lord Kingstown, does not belong to the exciting order of such narratives. In his two trips, one through Algeria the other through Tunis, he does not seem to have been in peril of his life, except in the wonderful cave of Djebel Thaya, where he ran the risk of stumbling into some unfathomable hole, and at another time in passing through the country of the Khomair on the northern frontier of Algeria and Tunis, where the fact of his being English seems to have saved him from the calamity typified by passing the hand across the throat. For him, at least, a high English official, travelling in Tunis as well as in Algeria was not only safe, but, with some exceptions, uniformly pleasant. His example is more likely to attract scholarly travellers than mere lovers of adventure. For the scholar, North Africa, as the battle-field of successive races of conquerors and one of the chief fields of Roman colonisation, is full of interest. Wherever the Romans went, they left behind them in their splendid architecture, aqueducts, bridges, capitols, basilicas, triumphal arches, enduring monuments of their occupation. Algeria and Tunis are full of these. Perhaps the most interesting of all is the magnificent series of ruined cities along the northern base of the Aures Mountains, from Lambessa (Lambæsis, Lambæsitanorum Colonia) to Tebessa (Theveste), magnificent outposts of civilisation, long since driven in. Of structures anterior to the period of Roman occupation, almost the only remaining trace is the Medrassen, the tomb of the Numidian Kings, a vast pile in the shape of a truncated cone placed on a cylindrical base. Another early monument which was standing in the time of Bruce now exists only in his drawing—the Libyan Mausoleum at Dougga. This beautiful monument was almost entirely destroyed by Sir Thomas Reade, the British Consul-General at Tunis, in extracting the Dougga bi-lingual stone, now in the British Museum, an act of wanton destruction to which it would be hard to find a parallel.

LIVES OF THE LORDS STRANGFORD.

Lives of the Lords Strangford. With their Ancestors and Contemporaries through Ten Generations. By E. B. de Fonblanque. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

There are very few peerages dating from the beginning of the seventeenth century whose rise, decline, and fall exhibit so dramatic a completeness as that of Strangford, or which excite so much interest by the strongly-marked characters and misfortunes of the line. The only prominent person mentioned in Mr. de Fonblanque's well-written annals whose life can be said to have been a success, is the founder of the house, "Customer" Smythe. Thomas Smythe, whose nickname of "Customer" did not sound so quaint in his own generation, being given to him for the worthy reason that he enjoyed the very lucrative monopoly of farming the customs of the Port of London and its dependencies, was the son of a Wiltshire yeoman, who came to London in the middle of the sixteenth century "to seek his fortune," as Mr. de Fonblanque says; "and what is more rare—to find it." Throughout this volume we have often to admire Mr. de Fonblanque's pithy brevity. He sums up thus forcibly the career of the "customer," as Thomas Smythe had the good fortune to become:—"A stout-hearted quick-witted lad, with a frame of a giant, adventurous, and enterprising, sailing on voyages of discovery to distant lands, opening up new fields of commerce and industry, discovering a silver mine, and, finally, marrying a Lord Mayor's daughter." "Thomas Smythe, as he has come down to us, is a pleasant type of the civic worthy of the sixteenth century; a self-made man in the best sense of that much-abused term; proud of his success in life, yet modest; accumulating money, but spending it generously, and giving largely in charity, and winning golden opinions among all classes." A very prosperous man indeed was Customer Smythe, and he was also what is called "a character," possessing a curious mixture of shrewdness, native wit, geniality, and pomposity which attracted great people to him, and gained for him the notice of Queen Elizabeth herself, who testified her appreciation of him not only by enormously raising the rent of the Customs, but by honouring him with a passing visit at his mansion of Ostenhanger.

"Customer" Smythe did not succeed in obtaining a peerage, or even a knighthood, but he amassed so much wealth that the wardship of his grandson, whose father died young, was an object of contention among needy noblemen at the Court of James. This grandson, Thomas Smythe, was created a peer of Ireland, under the title of Viscount Strangford, on the coronation of Charles I. The taint of unsteadiness, which wrought such mischief to the splendid powers of subsequent possessors of the title, does not seem to have been then in the blood, for Thomas Smythe was a prudent man, "a worthy gentleman, devoted to improving his property and advancing his social position." Perhaps the disturbing drop of genius was introduced into the family by his marriage with the youngest daughter of the Earl of Leicester, daughter also of the beautiful Welsh heiress, Barbara Gamage, and niece of Sir Philip Sidney. This lady's career was erratic, and still more erratic was the career of her son, the second Lord Strangford, in whose hands all the accumulated wealth of the Customer was dispersed, and who left to his successor the curse of a title without any worldly means for supporting it. This second Lord Strangford, also, if there is anything in heredity, introduced still more unsteady blood into his house by marrying a granddaughter of the celebrated Endymion Porter, the unfortunate Royalist, and friend of Herrick and Davenant. The long chapter which Mr. de Fonblanque devotes to this collateral ancestor of the Smythes is fully justified by the interest of its contents. It might easily have been expanded into a most entertaining biography. Endymion was a charming character, a rare union of gentle affectionateness and adventurous courage, and his letters to his young wife, many of which have been preserved, are epistolary gems. His lady was jealous of his frequent absences, and suspicious whenever he was near fair neighbours, and the letters in which he strives to reassure his "dear Olive," and protests that he "wonders why she should suspect him for Saxum, when, as he hopes to be saved, he thinks of nothing but her sweet love, which to him is above all the beauties that ever God created," are such love-letters as rarely come to light except in the Law Courts. What wife could resist such an appeal as this?

MY DEAREST OLIVE,

Thy care in sending to me shewes me how truly thou lovest me, and thy fear of my inconstancie argues no want of affection, but of faith, which if any good works of mine may strengthen, I will come on my knees to see thee, and putt out my eies rather than looke with an unchaste desier upon any creature whilst I breathe, and to be more secure of me I would have thee enquire if ever I was false to any *friend*, and then to consider what a traytor I should be if to a *wife* (and such a wife!) so vertuous and good, I should prove false, and not to my friends. Deare Olive, be assured that I strive to make myself happie in nothing but in thee, and, therefore, I charge you to be merrie, and to cherish your health and

life, the more because I live in you. But what can I saye, or what in the least little can I do? Love you? That I do, and ever shall, as he who vowes never to be any bodies' but

Your true husband,
ENDYMION PORTER.

The character of Endymion Porter is not unlike, in many of its features, to that which reappears in the last possessors of the title of Strangford, and yet we imagine that a student of heredity would trace their brilliant gifts and fatal defects to other sources. The third, fourth, and fifth Lord Strangfords were not eminent; they did not prove themselves capable of retrieving the position lost by the second. This was reserved for the sixth lord, a man of remarkable variety of powers, who, after distinguishing himself in early youth by translations from the 'Lusiad' of Camoens (which Byron charged him with having stolen from his friend Moore), entered the diplomatic service, and speedily attained the highest rank in the profession, receiving the honour of a British peerage in consideration of his services as Ambassador at Constantinople. With all his gifts, there was some fatal "twist" in this Lord Strangford's character, or some perverting influence in his diplomatic experiences; for though still a comparatively young man when he abandoned diplomacy for home politics, he failed to take a place at all equal to his powers. In the years from 1828 to 1855, unbending Conservatism was neither a wise nor a winning creed; but Lord Strangford, moved partly perhaps by a grudge against Canning, threw in his lot with the most extreme Tories, persisting in his opposition even to Catholic Emancipation after the Duke of Wellington had given way. Mr. de Fonblanque gives some amusing extracts from his letters and papers, showing the impracticable anger with which he raved against the spread of democratic ideas and every forward movement of the irresistible tide of reform. The ideas of the Young England party struck him with utter horror, and Mr. Disraeli's influence over his son George was a sore trial to him, and drew from him many bitter and contemptuous protests.

But the personal interest in those chapters of this work which deal with the last three Lord Strangfords, is very much greater than the political. Mr. de Fonblanque has done well to give extracts from the diary of the able diplomatist's wife, thereby throwing light upon certain qualities in her character which were evidently inherited by her elder son. She was a very beautiful woman, the daughter of an Irish knight. Though Lord Strangford frequently urged his son to restore the fortunes of the family by a wealthy marriage, he did not act on this principle himself. His wife, like many other persons of nervous temperament, seems to have become a placid, as she was always a loving, companion, when success and prosperity shone upon them; but in the earlier years of their married life, when he was lower down in the diplomatic scale, her diary shows that she was more excitable. Her particular grievance was "servants," tho one subject upon which her husband could not hear her talk with patience; and the following extracts show the depths of despair to which she was at times reduced, as well as the heights of happiness in which her sensitive nature found relief :—

12th June.—These servants will drive me mad. Delightful drive with Percy.

16th.—A terrific scene this evening; almost driven to suicide. How grievous that Lord S., who is all goodness, who possesses a heart unequalled in this world, should be the victim of his blind and weak devotion to his servants!

22nd Aug.—Nothing can equal the insolence of the servants; this morning they all refused George a drop of milk. Mr. Hughes called. Delightful evening.

2nd Sept.—Oh, the agony, misery, and horror I suffer I trust will soon put an end to the existence of the most wretched being who walks the earth.

This is followed by a long account of a "charming" dinner party in the evening, with an elaborate description of toilettes.

12th Sept.—The whole of this day I have been in a state of madness, from which baby suffers.

1st Oct.—I feel I shall become mad. Nothing was ever so terrific as the insolence of the servants.

5th.—Lord S. is irritable; his only weakness is not bearing to hear the servants reflected upon, ever deeming them infallible.

20th.—Lord S. very angry with me for scolding my maids, who are in all respects infamous. He is not kind to me.

George Smythe seems to have inherited his mother's temperament along with the splendid intellectual gifts of his father. In Mr. de Fonblanque's chapter on this, the seventh Lord Strangford, as in that on Endymion Porter, we find ourselves regretting that it is so short. Enough, however, is given of the inner life of the man who sat for the idealised portrait of "Coningsby," and whose career was so much less steady and well-regulated than was that paragon's, to excite the keenest interest and sympathy. George Smythe was, indeed, "a splendid failure," and the causes of his failure are here fully explained in his own bitter analysis of himself and his misfortunes. If he had been born poor, or if he had been born rich, he could hardly have failed to attain solid distinction; but he was cursed with that "heritage of woe," an impoverished title; and the difficulties of his position were aggravated by the capricious behaviour of his father, who, himself somewhat unhinged and distempered by political disappointments, alternated between the extremes of hard and scornful reproof and indulgent fondness. The youth was intensely sensitive, and his father's sarcasms, all the more for the deep affection subsisting between them, often deprived him of sleep, and stung him almost to madness. He was in one of these bitter moods when he drew up, at the age of twenty-eight, the following summary of his past life :—

Born a pauper, and the son of a poor nobleman who had acquired a great name and position, and a few of his hereditary acres, my life at best was always a venture for any person that should back me in.

With talent, high spirit, courage, a spice of that genius which borders upon madness, I was given, as became my rank, and not my fortune, a noble education, and made, by the monstrous caste system of the English universities, the associates of men who could spend a pound with less inconvenience than I could spend a shilling. What followed? What generally follows with the impetuous and sensitive. I was not to be outdone. I gave dinners to those from whom I received them, and got involved in debt far beyond my means. I took my degree, one which, if utterly unworthy of my talents and university reputation, was yet no proof that I did not read, and hard too; but, with the example of abler and better men, I may say that here again the false system of fee-exacting mathematics was much to blame.

I came up to London with my boyhood over, with extravagant habits, and owing about 1,200*l*. Now, what I ought to have done was to have told you this, paid my debts out of income, lived economically, and, I humbly think, have travelled. For many good reasons, and for one very bad one, you objected to this. . . . After your refusal I stayed in England, owing a great deal of money, much dunned and harassed, and ready to jump at the first expression of sympathy. . . . As if the devil was determined to let loose upon me, when once well out of my depth, every wave in the river of damnation, I turned my thoughts to Parliament—Canterbury. I overcame your scruples, and stood for the old Kentish borough, not yet twenty-two, and with an assurance, I believe, that my election would not cost more than 2,000*l*. It cost, one way or another, more than 7,000*l*. Never was there a more melancholy instance of the young ambition that overleaps itself. You behaved in the noblest and most self-denying of ways. You never reproached me. You increased my income, but I felt my selfishness. I had brought ruin upon you, upon my sisters, upon myself. Moreover, my Cambridge debts, with interest increasing, and with a petition hanging over my head, my position was anything but enviable. It was in this situation, weighed down by a sense of all the mischief I had done, that I tried to speak. I broke down, signally and miserably, my nerves going with a sort of crash. What a position! I might have recovered myself, but this is not an heroic age, and I took to drinking as an opiate and an anodyne. Then came other mischiefs: I thought one way the winning way in politics, you thought another, and my life was an incessant wear and tear—shame, abuse, the world's scorn, environing me on every side. What wonder, then, that my nervous system has never recovered those years of '41 and '42!

There is more of this remarkable letter, but for the rest, and for the particulars of George Smythe's career, we must refer our readers to Mr. de Fonblanque's volume.

The last Lord Strangford, Percy Smythe, the most remarkable of the race in intellectual gifts, was of a much less stormy temperament than his brother—shy, reserved, studious, melancholy to the point of bitterness, resembling his brother chiefly in being like him "a splendid failure," not at all less interesting, though of a rarer and less sensational type. His father, whose favourite was the elder son, fortunately left him more to himself, though he did occasionally make interferences which were not characterised by judgment. He arrived early at the conclusion that "it was folly to

think of giving Percy the education of an elder son, and he must soon begin to shift for himself." This quite fell in with Percy's wishes, and he did not commit his brother's mistake of running into debt through competing with richer men of his own rank, but sought consolation for his poverty by invariably, as he himself humorously said, "hauling over the coals all the admirable specimens of the aristocracy who are up here," meantime exercising to the utmost his wonderful gift for languages. He seized the earliest opportunity of escaping from Oxford by "distancing all competitors" for an Oriental attachéship. He was then twenty, and he set off at once for Constantinople, remaining attached to the Embassy there from 1845 to 1857, with a brief interval in England to recruit shattered health. He succeeded to the peerage in that year, but did not take an active part in English politics, except through the medium of newspaper articles. These articles and one or two other papers are the only fragments that remain of the knowledge of the East which he acquired by keen observation and unceasing study, but the two volumes which contain them are still the most valuable writings that we possess on that which he was never tired of urging should be called not the Eastern Question but the Eastern Questions. His letters, from which Mr. de Fonblanque gives but too few extracts, have a still rarer flavour than his brother's, revealing the most exquisite sense of fun, as well as that delight in playing with words and images which was part of his almost miraculous gift of language.

Few biographical works have been published for many years of deeper interest than this. Mr. de Fonblanque deserves the praise of having made an excellent use of his materials. It is not often that a biographer can be censured for having given too little, and in the case of lives so recent there are obvious reasons for reserve.

MASTERPIECES OF ANTIQUE ART.

Masterpieces of Antique Art. By Stephen Thompson. London: Griffith and Farran.

The title of this book is somewhat of a misnomer. To style a collection of photographs 'Masterpieces of Antique Art,' implies a great deal more than is at all borne out by this collection, which would have been far better designated as a commonplace book of photographs of some antique statues. It presents the appearance of having been constructed by someone who, happening to possess a quarter of a hundred of photographs of classic statuary, and wishing to make some use of them, put them together in an album, accompanied by a few pages of chatty, pleasant observations, of a somewhat amateurish nature. This is harmless enough, and in itself possibly interesting, but he would be sadly mistaken who should consider it as being a real presentation of the masterpieces of antique art, or as being, either in text or illustrations, a valuable addition to art literature. To begin with, the photographs are limited to the collections of the Vatican, the Louvre, and the British Museum, thus leaving altogether out of account the galleries of the Capitol in Rome and the collections of Naples and Florence, &c. But even in the limited field to which Mr. Thompson has been bound, it can scarcely be said that the best choice has invariably been made in selecting these twenty-five representative photographs. Although the work could not be expected to "offer an exhaustive collection of the *chefs d'œuvre* of ancient sculpture," although it may contain "many of the best examples that have come down to us from antiquity," there are certainly some omissions which should never have been made, while, on the other hand, at least one or two of the photographs given could have been easily dispensed with, to make room for others more generally interesting or more important. It is strange to find here neither the Venus de' Medici, nor the Capitoline Venus, nor some of the marvels of Naples. Among recent discoveries, too, the Esquiline Venus deserves, but is not given, a place. It will be worth while to see what photographs are given, and what is said of them. First on the list is the Discobolus of Myron, famous for his life-like cow in the 'Anthologia.' On this the writer pours forth a great deal of erudition and a great deal of quotation. He might therefore as well have mentioned Pliny's objection to Myron's treatment of hair. The second photograph on the list is the Theseus of the British Museum, the Theseus which is always ranged round in the Elgin Room by groups of admiring art students busily engaged in producing copies more or less like the original. From this and a few other statues that are little more than fragments we are compelled to form but an imperfect idea of the man who was probably the greatest of all sculptors, greater even than Michel-angelo. We judge Phidias as we judge Sappho; we know that both in their time were considered among the highest by the nation best qualified to decide, and the remains of each that wasting time has spared to us are enough to show how just was that decision. But nothing more. A few lines of Greek on the one hand, and as much maimed marble as would fill a gallery, are all we possess of the treasure bequeathed by one of the greatest minds, by the greatest hand of ancient Greece. A writer in the last *Contemporary* observes with equal justice and humour that Phidias gave the world the Theseus some thousand years ago, and that all that succeeding ages have done has been to break off its nose.

Phidias's Ilissius and Moirai are the next subjects. Then come three photographs from the bas-reliefs of the Parthenon, a victor with chariot, horsemen, and priests conducting animals to sacrifice. The reason for choosing these, then, is scarcely apparent. They are neither the best nor the most characteristic, and it would, on the whole, have been better to have omitted any selection from these bas-reliefs, little idea of which is given by so limited a selection, the chief purpose of which, in the present case, has been to afford the annotator an opportunity for indulging in a little "fine writing." Among the many quotations with which Mr. Thompson graces his pages he might have found a place for something from Mr. Symonds, who has so thoroughly appreciated the beauty of old Greek life. The next, and one of the most interesting photographs of the whole collection, is the Castellani Venus, the bronze head which puts the British Museum on a par with the Louvre, the Capitol, the Uffizi, and the Naples museum, each alike famous for a Venus. Next in order comes the famous Vatican Amazon, and then comes Our Lady of Milo, as Heine called the beautiful goddess of the Louvre. It is here, perhaps, that the commentator is most in fault, for anyone unacquainted with the subject would not have the least idea, from the few lines accorded to this statue by Mr. Thompson, that there had ever been any discussion, or indeed any difference of opinion, as to the significance of the statue. No allusion is made to the various suggestions that have been made and plausibly supported from time to time; no hint is given of the controversies as to the companion of the figure, if it ever had a companion, and as to the possible occupation of the arms. All this wide field of archæological interest is not only not gone into, which is scarcely to be expected in the limits of such a book, but it is not even hinted that there is any room for speculation in connexion with the treasure of the Louvre. Emeric David considered that the statue was not a Venus at all, but, on the contrary, a personification of the island of Melos; the foot placed on a rock showed that the power did not extend beyond the limits of the island; the band on her head is the sign of the sovereignty of Melos, and the apple which he assumes her to have held in her hand is the symbol of the island, this theory being supported by the fact that medals from the island of Melos bear a fruit like an apple, and being combated by the fact that the apple is anyhow an attribute of Venus. Quatremère de Quincy held that the Venus was originally grouped with a Mars. Others have considered it to be a Victory holding a shield, a restored example of which is to be seen in the Louvre; others that it is simply an armed Venus; others, again, have

persisted in regarding it as a muse. All these various theories have their supporters, and the fact of their existence is too important to be quietly ignored in a work like the present, which assumes itself an aid to the study of classic art.

The Menander and Poseidippos of Cephisoditus from the Vatican are the two next, and might have been very well dispensed with in favour of some that we have mentioned which are not to be found in these pages. This is not a work of archæological value, in which the presence of these two statues would be necessary, and it is difficult to be reconciled by them for the absence of so many beautiful and famous works of art. The British Museum head of Asclepios, and the Apoxyomenos of Lysippus come next, and are followed by the Apollo Belvedere. The article accompanying this photograph is one of the most interesting as well as instructive in the volume, but Mr. Thompson might have found place for a few lines from an English art critic, William Hogarth, who, in the analysis of beauty, speaking of the Antinous—whose photograph, as the Mercury Belvedere, takes the next place in this volume—and the Apollo, says that "the Antinous fills the spectator with admiration only, whilst the Apollo strikes him with surprise, and, as travellers express themselves, with an appearance of something *more than human*, which they of course are at a loss to describe, and this effect they say is the more astonishing, as upon examination its disproportion is evident even unto a common eye." The Vatican Meleager, Ariadne, and Adonis come next, and then the Laocoon. The value of the text accompanying this last photograph may be sufficiently estimated by the fact that no mention whatever is made of Lessing's Laocoon just as though that work had never been written. The Nile of the Vatican, the Astragalizusa of the British Museum, the Lucius Verus of the Vatican, the Thalia and the Hercules of the British Museum, complete a volume of which the best that can be said is that if it is not a valuable artistic book, the photographs are sometimes good and the text sometimes interesting.

MINOR NOTICES.

A Fac-simile Reproduction of the First Form of Keble's 'Christian Year' in the Author's Handwriting. (Elliot Stock.)—Mr. Stock has done one of the best of his many good works in producing a *fac-simile* of an original manuscript of the 'Christian Year.' To get thus a copy of the text as it actually came from its author's hands is a thousand times more interesting than, for example, the reprint of the first (1827) edition brought out in 1868. There always must be an attraction about the manuscript of a great work; it is impossible not to feel a pleasure in beholding the lines traced by a revered hand, and as long as this feeling continues to exist, as long as handwriting continues to bear the impress of its writer's character, and until type-writers reduce mankind to level monotony, such a work as Mr. Stock has just completed will be received with delight. If we cannot possess the actual manuscript of John Keble's exquisite lyrics, we have here what is nearly as good—a reproduction so faithful that at first it is not easy to detect any deception, and to become assured that we are not looking at actual writing. With singular good taste the publisher has printed the prefaces, and all explanations, in a separate little pamphlet, so that the 'Christian Year' stands to all appearance exactly as Keble left it. To all that has been written on Keble this is a most valuable complement; admirers well versed in Sir John Coleridge's Life may, with this volume in their hands, almost fancy for a moment that they belong to the charmed circle of his intimate friends, and that to them the man "to be noticed anywhere, and remembered long," with "forehead and hair beautiful in all ages," and "eyes full of play, intelligence, and emotion," the man "so unlike anyone else," had lent the treasured volume which was to make him immortal. Of the beauty of these poems there is no more need to speak than of the sweet, noble, uneventful life of their author. The first is known and appreciated wherever the English language is spoken; as for the second, though "few persons have lived so long and achieved so great a name, about whom there is so little of change or incident to record," the George Herbert of our days is not left without his own Isaac Walton. Keble's connexion with the great Oxford movement of our day, and his friendship with John Henry Newman, brought about by Hurrell Froude, have been touched on again and again. The chief religious argument with regard to Keble's poems lies in the famous controversy as to what Keble did or did not mean in his verses for "Gunpowder Treason," in the passage which first stood—

> O, come to our communion feast,
> There present in the heart;
> *Not* in the hands the Eternal Priest
> Will his true self impart—

and which appeared in the first edition after his death with the "not" altered to "as." This retreat from his own argument against changing—"So long as the work remained in manuscript it was mine. I had a right to change it as often, and to as great an extent, as I chose. Now it has become the property of the public, and I may not prefer my own reputation, such as it is, to their rights"—is of no importance, however, in connexion with Mr. Stock's *fac-simile*, and the poem is, we believe, left out in recent editions. We are certainly surprised to find that the preface does not contain the names of the friends, some of whose poems are in the volume. Thus, everyone would be interested to know that the poem "The Redbreast" was by Keble's dear friend Cornish. The variations that are to be found in the text from the text as it now stands are very interesting. As might be expected, the alterations are not always improvements.

Under the Balkans. By R. J. More. (H. S. King and Co.)—Mr. More went out to Bulgaria last autumn, and visited the scenes of the massacres south of the Balkans, where he collected much information regarding the outbreak confirmatory of what has now been sufficiently established. Under the circumstances, however, it is doubtful whether what he has to relate has any independent value. The publication of the harrowing stories he heard can serve no practical purpose, as long as they are only authenticated by initials, and not by the signature of the narrators. When the hard facts have been so well established, further anonymous and hearsay evidence only weakens the case it is intended to support. The most important part of his book is a tabular statement of the trade of the Philippopoli district, which was furnished to Mr. More by Mr. Geshoff, the merchant who has recently had so narrow an escape from execution. Some of the items are suggestive, and show that there are other people besides the Turks who are to blame for the bad condition of the country. Thus we find 100,000 sheep exported to Constantinople at a price of 100,000*l.*, whilst the local price of a sheep with a lamb is 7*s.* 6*d.* to 8*s.* 4*d.* Where does the difference remain? It cannot cost 12*s.* 6*d.* to transport a sheep to Constantinople. Tobacco also is estimated at 50,000*l.* for 2,725,000 lbs. That is barely 4*d.* a pound. Can that be the just value of tobacco after the expenses of transport are paid, and the price *in loco*, reckoning on the basis of the price of sheep, not be more than 1½*d.* or 2*d.* a pound? Again Mr. Geshoff estimates the value of the attar of roses manufactured in Kesanlik at only 50,000*l.* and the production at 300,000 misskals = about 300 lbs. That is much below the actual figure. The crop varies, it is true, but it is generally nearer double the quantity given by Mr. Geshoff. Wool, again, which fetches 8*l.* per cwt. in Pesth, is estimated at 10,000*l.* for 2,500 cwt. which brings the price the Bulgarian receives for his produce down to 4*l.* per cwt. Sheepskins which are sold in Pesth at 10*l.* per 102 skins, bring in for the whole export to Hungary only 16,000*l.*, which, taking the Pesth price, would only be 1,600 skins, or allowing 50 per cent. profit, only 3,200. Mr. Geshoff does not give the number exported. The fact is that the Jews and

Greeks are at the bottom of full half the mischief, the Turks playing into their hands by their gross mismanagement and neglect of the intercommunication of the country, which would enable the peasantry to control the prices in the local markets. As a simple narrative of what he saw and heard of an eventful period, Mr. More's little book may be justly recommended.

The Portrait Birthday Book. (Seeley and Co.)—The almost endless variety of books intended to minister to the harmless folly of recording the birthdays of our friends and acquaintances is, we trust, now almost exhausted. The compiler of the present one has at least succeeded in producing a pretty little volume, and although we are not disposed to accept as absolute some of the days assigned to their various illustrators, little harm is likely to result from confusion or inaccuracy in such matters. No system seems to have been followed in the choice of names attached to each day of the calendar; all are fish which come to the net, and unfortunately the minnows overpower the tritons. It would perhaps be interesting to discuss (if the compiler could be trusted) how some days of the year seem overcrowded with celebrities, whilst others are wholly ungarnished. For instance, to illustrate August 15, we are given, in addition to the first Napoleon, Admiral Blake, Jeremy Taylor, Edward Irving, Sir Walter Scott, and William Woollett; whilst on December 17 we are told were born Prince Rupert, Cimarosa, Beethoven, Sir Humphry Davy, Allan Cunningham, Sir William Napier, and Mr. Woolner. On the other hand, for June 25, only Horne Tooke and Paul Daubrie can be found; July 31 has to depend on John Canton, General Thomas, and the Duc de Montpensier for its patrons. If the compiler is determined to continue work of this sort, we would suggest that it would be more interesting to bring out a book of wedding-days—on the same model. That day is at least within the power of selection of at least one of the parties to the contract, and would doubtless appeal strongly to the class of patronesses who purchase birthday books. It is only right to add that to each day of the year in the present volume is attached a cleverly executed vignette portrait of one of the persons born thereon; and altogether the volume is likely to be a popular present amongst those who never know what to give, and yet who are always bent on giving.

My Friend the Tramp. The Story of a Mine. By Bret Harte. (Routledge and Sons.)—These two volumes contain the latest works of Bret Harte, and both bear evidence of the author's change from California to New York State. It was perhaps a pity that Bret Harte ever came East when he had made the West, its ways and its people, so peculiarly his own; but if, as his recent work has served to show, his capacities for working that vein were exhausted, the loss is not so great. It would have been better for Bret Harte to have remained in the West if he would but have let his mind lie fallow and waited for a fresh inspiration, but if we were only to have a succession of repetitions of his early works it was just as well that he should try his hand at the life in the Eastern States. And this attempt has been, on the whole, successful. The volume to which the short story "My Friend the Tramp" gives the title is a collection of prose sketches and essays, and one or two poems, most of which are influenced by existence down East. Of these the prose is as usual the best. Bret Harte has a keen power of observation and a delicate play of fancy which is well fitted for the observer of life in large cities, and his descriptions of early morning studies in the New York Avenues are very well done. "The Man from Solano" is an amusing account of a rough Western man's success in New York; and the poem, "An Idyl of the Road," deserves rank among the best Bret Harte has done. "The Story of a Mine" occupies a volume to itself; the beginning is laid in California, the conclusion in Washington. Some old friends are met in it, some new, the story is interesting and well told, and if not equal to those which first made Bret Harte's name famous, much better and fresher than some which have since tended to lower his fame considerably.

The Chicken Market, and other Fairy Tales. By Henry Morley. (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.)—Professor Morley's fairy tales have been out of print for several years, so we are very glad to welcome a new edition of them. Stories so thoughtful and so poetic, which gladdened so many children when they first appeared, will be likely to do so again, and if the reprint gives as much pleasure as the book itself did some half a generation ago, it should be very successful. There is an imaginative charm of weird and vivid fancy about these stories which is especially attractive, while at the same time they possess a semi-philosophic sincerity well calculated to appeal to the minds of children, and make them reflective as well as happy. Such stories as "Baron Bletch of the Hammer," "Elan the Armourer," "The Cunning of Sissoo," "Silver Tassels," "Bred upon Gold," "The Bag of Minutes," "Sir Aylevan," and "Sirius," are impressed with so much original thought, delicate pathos, and humour, and above all such genuine story-telling power, that we can imagine few greater pleasures for an imaginative child than reading them for the first time.

Tourist's Guide to the Upper Engadine. Translated from the German of M. Caviezel. By A. M. H. (Edward Stanford).—Herr Caviezel is known to many visitors to the Engadine as a most competent and laborious botanist. The little book which he now publishes is, however, more than a mere guide to the flora of the district, though ample information is given on that head for the wants of the majority of flower-fanciers. It aims at doing the work, in a small compass, of a complete handbook to this part of the Alps, and does it as well as could be desired. Those who think of spending their next holiday in the Engadine cannot do better than take Herr Caviezel's book with them or buy it there. Murray's 'Guides,' excellent for many parts of Europe, are not satisfactory for Switzerland, and the notice of the Engadine in Baedeker is too meagre to be of much practical use. Herr Caviezel begins with a general sketch of the district, of the routes by which it may be reached, of its natural history, its inhabitants, with their manners and peculiarities, and of the social changes which have taken place among them since the Engadine became frequented by foreigners. The topography of the district is there fully dealt with, and the various walks, drives, strolls, and ascents, minutely described. The concluding part of the book contains a good deal of useful miscellaneous information on various points connected with the subject. We have seen no guide to the Engadine so handy, practical, and complete. We would only suggest that in the next edition the map might show the mountains and valleys by gradations of light and shade, as is the case with most maps of mountainous countries, and not merely indicate them by their names, or leave them to be inferred from the course of the streams.

Other People's Children. By the Author of 'Helen's Babies.' (Routledge and Sons).—Mr. Habberton's continuation of 'Helen's Babies' is certainly very amusing, but it cannot be compared to its delightful predecessor. This is the great fault of American humourists, that, when they once hit upon some fresh vein of humour, they stick to it tenaciously, and work it to the end. Some book published by chance proves a great success, and its author, who perhaps had sold it for a small sum, at once seeks to gratify popular taste and reap a sure reward by producing some book as nearly similar to the first as possible. This has happened to almost every contemporary American humourist, from Bret Harte to Mark Twain, from Charles Dudley Warner to the Danbury News Man, and Mr. Habberton is no exception. Still "Budge" and "Toddie" are very laughable in their absurd adventures. The chief difference of 'Other People's Children' from 'Helen's Babies,' is that it is less fresh, and more likely to startle the reading public by its irreligious tone; while its moral, if it has any, is one that children at least will like, namely, that they should be allowed to do as they like.

MUSIC.

"THE SORCERER" AT THE OPERA COMIQUE.

A philosopher has defined the comic element in art as a "close and unexpected juxtaposition of strikingly incongruous things." Mr. W. S. Gilbert, in his dramatic groundwork to Mr. Sullivan's new opera, has acted on this suggestion. There is nothing intrinsically ludicrous in the idea of a sorcerer as we frequently meet him on the operatic stage, dwelling in mediæval gloom, and surrounded by the paraphernalia of his trade. But when such a person appears in the broad daylight of the nineteenth century, and in the attire of a highly respectable tradesman, the "juxtaposition of incongruous things" immediately results, and the effect is intensely comic. Any attempt at inventing a new plot or story Mr. Gilbert has in this instance abandoned. The idea of a philtre or charm causing passionate love for the first comer and at first sight—of

> The juice which, if on sleeping eyelids laid,
> Will make a man or woman madly doat
> Upon the next live creature that it sees—

is as old as the sacred legends of India and as familiar as Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The imbroglio which ensues is also more or less identical in each instance. But here, again, Mr. Gilbert adds the amusing element of perfectly modern surroundings. The love potion, which turns the collective head of the village of Ploverleigh, takes the form of an afternoon-tea libation, and is, according to Mr. J. W. Wells the Sorcerer's own testimony, "compounded on the strictest principles—on married people it has no effect whatever." All this may at first sight appear to be of the nature of burlesque pure and simple, and such, indeed, the incidents, and especially the final *dénouement* of the plot, decidedly are. But the story, as we said before, is the least important part of the new drama. It is in the delineation of the characters that the dramatist's gift is chiefly shown, and these are one and all drawn with admirable skill. The silly sentimental lovers, their ceremonious elders, Dr. Daly, the lachrymose vicar, and his charming little sweetheart, down to Mrs. Partlet, the "eagle-eyed pew-opener," are full of life and individuality. They are seen through the medium of whimsical fancy, which sets at naught the rules of ordinary perspective, but cannot detract from the wonderful realism of the picture.

The character of refined humour as opposed to low comicality is fully sustained by Mr. Sullivan's music. That Mr. Sullivan is a learned musician, an excellent writer for the orchestra, and a musical humorist of the true order, are facts beyond dispute. But never before have these qualities appeared combined on so important a scale as in the present instance. The *finale* of the first act is an elaborate piece of construction with as many as nine solo parts, independently sustained, and grouped according to their divergent emotions in the most masterly way. Here also we meet, in the whispered "aside" of Alexis and Aline, with as pretty a bit of true sentiment as can well be imagined. The *ensemble* in the second act, "Oh joy, the charm works well," is equally well constructed, while in the quintet of the same act —*couplets* with intervening bits of concerted music would be the technical description—the lighter vein of comic opera prevails. The introduction to the work also is a charming piece of orchestral writing, in which the composer has largely drawn upon the "Graceful Dance" from his accompaniment to *Henry VIII.*, a circumstance which, by the way, fully confirms our previous remark as to the essentially modern type of that movement. Amongst the happiest touches of humour in the opera is the Handelian character of the music which accompanies the old-fashioned courtship of Sir Marmaduke Pointdextre and the Lady Sangazure. In other places the claptrap of the modern opera is parodied in the most amusing manner. The preparation of the philtre strikingly recalls numerous "incantation" scenes from popular operas, and such a stanza as—

> Now for the tea of our host,
> Now for the rollicking bun,
> Now for the muffins and toast,
> Now for the gay Sally Lunn—

is an admirable equivalent for the familiar "*andiam beviam*" of the lyrical stage. Space will not allow us to touch upon other amusing details in this bright musical conception. Suffice it to say that on the first night the audience was kept in the best of humours during the whole performance, and that at the end the most cordial applause fell to the share of both dramatist and composer. To this happy consummation the admirable performance of the work contributed not a little. The artists had one and all entered into the spirit of the *Sorcerer*, and not a hitch occurred from beginning to end. Mr. Carte, the energetic manager of the Opera Comique, had given numerous opportunities for careful study under the composer's own direction, and the result proved the soundness of the system. Amongst the uniformly efficient cast, we can only refer to the discreet and yet intensely comic impersonations of Mr. Wells, the Sorcerer, and Dr. Daly, the sentimental vicar, by Messrs. Grossmith and Rutland Barrington respectively. Miss Alice May well sustained the part of Alice, the heroine, and Mrs. Howard Paul was a gracefully dignified lady of the old school. Miss Giulia Warwick (Constance) is both an accomplished singer and a charming actress. She was, indeed, as sweetly modest and "good a girl as ever stepped," to adopt the parlance of the worthy pew-opener. The full success, in which poet, and composer, and performer share, is equally a matter of congratulation to playgoers. Here is at last a work of entirely English growth, which bids fair to hold its own by the side of numberless foreign importations. Mr. Gilbert's dialogue is, as regards true humour, as superior to the ordinary run of French libretti as Mr. Sullivan's music is to the clever commonplaces of Offenbach and Lecocq, and it is quite time that our public should realise the fact. Enthusiasts, moreover, may cherish a hope that an early opportunity will be offered to our rising composer to show his strength on that higher dramatic stage the weaknesses of which he has here so cleverly parodied.

VARIORUM NOTES.

The New Shakspere Society have at last made a remarkable discovery about their Shakspere. The report of the last meeting records the fact that one of their members "contended that Shakspere's skill as a practical dramatist had never been really appreciated, and that yet he owed his universal fame in great measure to this quality, by virtue of which his plays still kept the stage." So Shakespeare was really a clever man, after all. One would have expected immediate expulsion from the Society to be the fate of this daring theorist, but, strange to say, his learned fellow-members, after shaking their heads over the paradox, thought that, on the whole, they agreed with him; and Mr. Tom Taylor went so far as to say that "the most valuable lessons which a modern dramatist could get in the representation of character on the stage were *still* to be drawn from Shakspere's plays." There is hope for the New Shakspere Society after this, even though they should not be fully convinced that Shakespeare did write his plays with some view to the stage, and not to provide a field for the labours of the New Shakspere Society.

It is said that Dean Stanley, whose interest in Scotch ecclesiastical affairs is well known, is about to take part, in the form of a lecture or a pamphlet, in the controversy which has recently been waged in the columns of the *Times* and elsewhere on the disestablishment of the Church of Scotland. It is even affirmed, although not very positively, that the Dean's proposal is that the endowments of the Kirk should, so far as the Highlands are concerned, be taken from it.

Not a thousand years ago, a bishop—we refrain from men-

tioning any name, but may state that it is the Church of England of which he is an ornament—quoted in a drawing-room the epigrammatic advice given to a young divine that there were three errors to be avoided in a sermon: Attitude, platitude, and latitude. A bystander suggested a fourth—longitude. We conclude that there is no better place to go to church in than Greenwich.

The end of international exhibitions does not yet seem to have come; on the contrary, there is now good reason to believe that in 1879 another will be held in Melbourne, Victoria. An international exhibition might appear at first sufficient for Victoria, but it does not content itself with any such thing, but asks all Europe, Asia, and America to send products. The present representatives of Victoria at Paris, Messrs. Casey and Levey, will soon make their appearance here, and invite the Prince of Wales to open the exhibition.

Mr. Arthur Sullivan has been appointed by the Prince of Wales Commissioner for Music for Great Britain at the International Exhibition at Paris. The post was first offered, it is understood, to Professor Macfarren, who declined it on account of failing sight; and then to Dr. Stainer, who waived his claims in favour of those of Mr. Sullivan.

It is whispered in Conservative circles that the Duke of Buccleuch, aided by his second son, Lord Henry Scott, is about to publish a work on the relations between 'Landlord and Tenant in Scotland,' and the duke's admirers expect that a complete answer will be given to Mr. Bright's well-known views.

After dissecting Prince Bismarck's lieutenants in the matter of Provincial Administration, Professor Virchow proceeded to dissect poor Pongo, the result showing that his premature death was due to inflammation of the intestines. In fact, according to Professor Virchow, Pongo died a victim to his uneducated tastes, for several pins, bits of wire, &c., had effected a lodgment in parts not originally intended to serve as pincushions. But there were other symptoms which might account for his death; and as doctors are allowed to disagree over a *post mortem* examination, especially since a recent case, we feel bound to express dissent from Professor Virchow's views. It appears that there were distinct traces of an affection of the heart—evidences of an inflammation of one of the valves—and taking this in connexion with the fact that the button of a kid glove was also discovered in his body, it becomes highly probable that he pined away for love of the fair lady from whose glove he had abstracted the memento, which, having no pockets to put it in, he secured in the old romantic way. And the probability becomes almost a certainty when we remember how very much Pongo was struck with one of his lady visitors at the Aquarium. And this certainty becomes absolute when we also remember that Pongo made desperate attempts at the time to possess himself of the lady's glove, that he succeeded, and that before it could be got away from him, he had actually bitten one of the buttons off. It is to be hoped that the fair lady will carefully preserve the remainder of the glove, and, dropping a tear to his memory, exclaim from time to time, "Alas, poor Pongo!"

Mr. Joseph Fridmann, of Prague, seems to have studied with advantage the example of his Pharaohnic namesake. Whilst judiciously avoiding his great predecessor's errors of etiquette and lapses as a man of the world, he successfully applied his financial principles to the altered circumstances of Bohemia, and instead of turning his talents to corn and malt, steadily applied them to hops. With what success may be imagined when it is stated that he has been engaged to Princess Mary de Persigny, the daughter of the Duc de Persigny, Napoleon III.'s intimate friend, and granddaughter of Prince de la Moskova, Marshal Ney. The only concession made to the aristocratic prejudices of the noble duke's family was the baptism of the happy bridegroom by the names of Charles Victor. How different might have been the present prospects of the Khedive's Egypt had Mr. Fridmann's prototype consented to some such slight formality. Egypt might now have been a flourishing empire under the benevolent rule of Abdul Ben Dizzy.

M. Rajon has finished his etching from Mr. Ouless's portrait of Mr. Darwin, or rather Dr. Darwin.

The defects in the Lyceum version of *The Dead Secret*, which we pointed out when it first appeared, have been largely modified in an altered version which was produced last week, previous to the departure of the company with the play to the provinces. The play, as it originally stood, was exceedingly difficult to follow, even to those familiar with the novel, each scene presenting some new and disconnected experience that did not seem to form part of a harmonious whole. This difficulty has, however, been removed by judicious alterations and additions, which have the great advantage of making the play perfectly intelligible and coherent from beginning to end. Moreover, several of the parts, especially those of Miss Virginia Francis and Mr. Odell, have been elaborated with advantage, so that the results of the change are very satisfactory.

On Sunday afternoon Miss Kate Field delivered for the Sunday Lecture Society, at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, her lecture on "Charles Dickens." Miss Field presented her subject in a series of well-studied pictures of Charles Dickens, as man, actor, reporter, friend, pedestrian, letter-writer, novelist, poet, lover of children and animals, portrait painter, and Christian. Miss Field's enthusiasm for her subject is genuine and well-expressed, and if, as we believe is the case, she expresses the opinions of the American public, as well as her own, there is no danger of the great novelist's not being properly appreciated across the Atlantic. The old grudge against Charles Dickens for his 'American Notes' and 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' may be said to exist no longer in the United States, and personal pique has not stood in the way of America's enthusiastic devotion to Dickens.

An enthusiastic Frenchman, present at the Opéra Comique on the first night of *The Sorcerer*, was greatly struck with one of the songs sung by Mr. Grossmith, beginning:—

> My name is John Wellington Wells,
> I travel in magic and spells,

which he promptly rendered into French as:—

> Je m'appelle Jean Vilainton Bien,
> Je voyage dans le pays de la magie et de la féerie.

The Berlin police well illustrate the difference between the State and the individual, for, whilst the Emperor of Germany set all the men at Krupp's foundry to work on a Sunday, the Berlin shopkeepers are being rigorously fined for not pulling down their shop blinds on the Sabbath. And they make a fine distinction in the moral culpability of some of the cases. Thus, a man who had pulled down his blind three-quarters of the way—thus showing that he knew what his duty was, yet trying criminally to compound the matter—was fined five marks; whilst another, who did not pull it down at all, and thus showed that his conscience did not acknowledge the duty, was fined only one mark. If this goes on, Berlin will soon be as dull as London on the Sabbath.

Pius IX., watching the leaves falling from the trees the other day, observed, alluding to the prophets who foretold and expected his death in the autumn, "Ecce, le foglie sono cadute; ma qui non si vede niente."—"See, the leaves have fallen there; but here we see nothing."

There is a workman in Herr von Wiesentreu's factory at Parschnitz, named Hawel. He was formerly a Cuirassier in the 2nd Regiment of Austrian Cuirassiers. At Trautenau, in the war of '66, he was severely wounded, and sent to Potsdam. When Field-Marshal Wrangel heard of it, he exclaimed, "Why, the man belongs to my regiment," and at once went to see him, and had him well cared for. After his visit, he sent him a silver watch with the inscription—"Graf Wrangel, colonel of the Imperial Austrian Cuirassiers, to the wounded Cuirassier, Hawel." Numerous traits of this character explain the high regard the people entertained for the veteran soldier.

As various poems, which have appeared from time to time in *London*, cast in the old French forms of *ballade*, *rondel*, *triolet*, &c., as well as a recent *villanelle*, which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, have been, not unnaturally, attributed to Mr. Austin Dobson, who is so consummate a master of these

stretched metres of an antique song, it may be as well to state that he is not their author.

A propos of verse-forms, those interested in these exotic flowers of song may be interested in knowing that knowledge of them is not confined to French de Banville and his English representatives, but that the Teuton, too, can enjoy these fetters of poetry, for an account of the principal French forms, with German examples, will be found in the preface to Wolf's Collection of German Poetry.

Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte. Mr. Joseph Charles Victor Fridmann having set the stone rolling it swept away like an avalanche the whole of the family of Gershon at Frankfort into the roaring sea of the Gentiles, with the exception of one solitary cedar. A Prussian officer had offered all he possessed —his hand and his heart—to the fair daughter of the Consul-General, M. Gershon. But there were some difficulties in the way of his acceptance. It appears that grandpapa Gershon, a very rich and very orthodox Israelite, had left his large fortune to his son-in-law and grandchildren, but only on condition of their remaining true to the faith of their fathers. On the other hand, the bridegroom's family strongly objected to an alliance with a Jewish family, yet neither wanted to lose the respective advantages of rank and wealth. At last rank gained the day to the extent of the whole Hebrew family submitting to conversion and baptism with the exception of the bride's brother, who remained to secure grandpapa's moneys. Thus all the four gods were propitiated—Jehovah, Cupid, Hymen, and Mammon—whilst Mercury received his share in the shape of lawyer's fees for the divers settlements and contracts which concluded the arrangement.

Nor is the progress of the Jewish world limited only to the Elysian fields of love. The electric light, Siemens and Halske's system, has been introduced, with very satisfactory results, into the synagogue at Berlin. Steam engines in the Temple may appear an incongruous combination to some people, but whilst the expense of lighting the synagogue by gas has been no less than 3*l.* an hour, the electric light only costs 4*s.* Besides which there is a precedent for the employment of Gentiles and their appliances in the Temple, for when the Jerusalem masons struck work foreign labour was imported from Tyre.

Harper's Monthly, New York, for November, contains an interesting paper by Mrs. Fremont (the widow of General Fremont) called "A Year of American Travel." It is not so much what is told, as the manner of it, that is fascinating. Mrs. Fremont is what might be called a Southerner of the old *régime*; her discourse smacks of those grand old courtly hospitable days of the South before the War—the South of plantations, slaves, and aristocracy—the South that possessed many of the best features of English life—that South, in short, which has ceased to exist for ever. Mrs. Fremont was the centre of the best society among those fine old Republican aristocrats, and the names, sayings, and doings of the famous men and women of her day creep into the narrative and lend it an antique stateliness. The style of the paper is the reverse of "literary;" it is something better—womanly, naïve, unconventional, discursive. It reminds one of the Countess of Blessington, and other renowned female letter-writers of that ilk. We understand that the article is one of a series, and we advise our readers to "go in" for them.

Mühlberg, on the Elbe, is a dull, honest little town, where the men drink their beer, play whist, and politicise, whilst the women drink coffee, knit the domestic stockings, and gossip, and go to bed at half-past nine. Under such circumstances, a little honest excitement is always welcome. Hitherto it has been ushered in by the official town criers perambulating the streets, ringing their bells, and announcing the advent of Herr Hille. This always set the town in commotion; not that Herr Hille was the manager of a theatre, nor the proprietor of a circus. He was a sort of Gentleman Cheap Jack, who came to Mühlberg at certain intervals to sell his wares, which were not only remarkably cheap, but also remarkably good. For instance, he would sell a handsome silk velvet paletôt, worth 15*l.* for 2*l.*; a sealskin jacket for 30*s.*; a set of billiard balls for 10*s.*; and a pair of exquisite kid boots for 5*s.* It may therefore be imagined with what delight Herr Hille was always received. Young and old clustered around him, and he was regarded as a benefactor of his country at large, and of Mühlberg in particular. But one evil day, one of the Fathers of the City bought an extremely fine pocket-handkerchief bordered with costly lace for the small sum of 6*d.*, intending to make his wife a present, but after he got home he forgot all about it. Next day the Frau Räthin, with stern resolve imprinted on her brow, asked her husband where he had been the day before. He told her, somewhat surprised at her tone, that he had been here and there. "And nowhere else?" said the lady severely. "Nowhere else at all," was the reply. "Then where did you get *this* from?" retorted the lady, holding out the lace-bordered handkerchief. To his reply that he had bought it from Herr Hille, the lady made the crushing retort that a handkerchief of that description could not be bought for 10*s.*, much less for 6*d.* In short, there was much domestic trouble that day in the Herr Rath's house, and in his determination to prove his innocence the Herr Rath proceeded to make inquiries, which resulted in the discovery that Herr Hille was nothing but a receiver of stolen property on a vast scale. The consternation in Mühlberg may be imagined at this *dénouement*. But consternation gave way to feelings of utter despair and fury when a police commissioner came down from Berlin and took possession of the silk velvet paletôt, the sealskin jacket, the billiard balls, and the boots, and subpœnaed the purchasers to appear as witnesses against Herr Hille. Thus Mühlberg has relapsed from its brief career of silken attire into its traditional dulness, tempered with the doubtful excitement of sackcloth and ashes. The goods seized by the police amounted to several waggon-loads.

A German traveller, says the *Bromberger Zeitung*, recently seized the opportunity to taunt a Russian, after they had been talking of the respective merits of the Russian and German armies, with the slowness of the Russian advance in Turkey. The Major, whilst fully acknowledging the fact, observed that it was because the Turks fought so well, and did not let themselves be made prisoners by the 200,000 at a time, like the French. The German traveller thought that this was an ungenerous remark. Perhaps it was—considering the intimate friendship between Germany and Russia.

The *North German Gazette* is quite forgetting its literature in the heat of its politics. It says:

The pitiless world sings with Herwegh—

Ob auch viele müde Fechter
Sinken im muthigen Strauss,
Es kommen neue Geschlechter
Die fechten ihn fröhlich aus.

The first two lines were sung not by Herwegh, but by Eichendorff, and the two last by neither. Eichendorff, however, sang something like them—

Es kommen frische Geschlechter
Und fechten es ehrlich aus.

Fifty-one of the Russian Mennonites who recently left Russia to emigrate to Brazil have been sent to the workhouse in Berlin. They got no further than Bremen, where their funds became exhausted. The Russian Embassy refuses absolutely to assist them in any way.

Mr. Archibald Forbes has accepted an invitation to dinner at Willis's Rooms, on Saturday next, given by the journalists of London, when some of the most distinguished members of the profession will be present.

It was rumoured in Berlin last week that Count Bethusy-Huc would succeed Dr. Friedenthal as Minister for Agriculture. One of the deputies congratulated the Count on his accession to the portfolio, but the Count replied, "I beg your pardon. I have received no portfolio, but I have just lost my portmonnaie!" which was a fact.

We hear more than enough about Panslavism, but not so much about quite as interesting a subject—Pangermanism. Both are awkward factors to deal with, and it is satisfactory to find that the German Government has adopted the same line

towards the one as the Russian Government has at last adopted towards the other. Thus Count Limburg Stirum directed attention in the Prussian Chamber to the fact that in Daniel's 'Geography,' which is generally used throughout Prussia, several countries formerly connected with Germany, such as Denmark, Limburg, Luxembourg, &c., &c., are represented as still belonging by right (gehörig) to Germany. He thought that such text-books, which had already engaged the attention of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, ought to be abolished, or the passages in question omitted, so that foreign nations might see that Prussia was observing a policy of peace towards its neighbours, and of consolidation at home. In reply, Dr. Falk stated that he would not contradict the Count, for he quite agreed with him. (Applause.)

Amongst the fresh discoveries which Professor Mommsen has made during his travels in Sardinia may be mentioned that of a new office of the Roman Empire—the *Procurator ad ripam*—an official appointed to watch over the protection of the banks of the Danube. He also discovered in an inscription at Portotorres a new Greek word not to be found in any lexicon. Professor Mommsen has returned from Italy and Sicily, and Professor Hildebrand has returned from Africa to Berlin. Both gentlemen will shortly publish an account of their respective journeys.

A novel concert was given last week in Brandenburg, involving principles well worthy of attention. The performers were the prisoners of the House of Correction in Brandenburg, who have been trained by Director Gollert, and form a chorus of forty members. The concert was held in the chapel, the performers so placed as to be little visible. The subjects were various, some taken from the chief oratorios, and generally sacred music. The audience, 400 strong, thoroughly appreciated the extraordinary precision and calibre of the singers, who, it need scarcely be said, are only recruited from the ranks of those who have conducted themselves well in every way. The proceeds of the entertainment were awarded to the families of the prisoners. It appears that of late years similar practices have obtained in various continental prisons, with a marked benefit in every way, not only upon the prisoners and their families, but upon the general tone of the prison. This is the initiation of a new system of a humane and common-sense treatment of the criminal classes which deserves the fullest attention.

The last descendant of Marino Faliero, Count Carlo Valieri, was carried to the grave last week in the Central Cemetery in Vienna. His family was exiled at the instance of Napoleon I., and since then resided at Vienna. Count Carlo, who had attained his seventy-seventh year, was their only child.

In the beginning of next year, the Swedish Government will establish a nautico-meteorological station at Stockholm, for which the Diet has voted a yearly subsidy of 9,000 crowns. The object of the institution will be the arrangement of observations taken on board Swedish vessels, lighthouses, and lightships.

An order of the Russian Government prescribed three days' mourning to be worn by all arms in memory of Field-Marshal Wrangel and his "eminent services." Yet, in spite of this, the Germans want us to go to war with Russia, and attack their esteemed friends. Let us hope nothing will occur to disturb the harmony of the two great Powers—at least, not before the Prussian fortifications on the Russian frontier are completed, and a sufficient supply of the new iron-clad cannon ready for service.

The literary men of New York are getting up a celebration in honour of William Cullen Bryant, the veteran poet and translator of Homer, whose poem in the last number of the *International Review*, on the late Mr. Motley, proves him to have lost none of his poetic power.

Mr. Francis Hueffer's valuable and long-expected book on the Troubadours will be published shortly by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. As this will be the only book of its kind in the English language, it will fill a distinct want in our literature. Mr. Hueffer, for his many and great services to Provençal literature, has been invited to become a member of the Felibre—the guild of Provençal poets.

M. Alphonse Daudet's new novel, 'Le Nabob,' has just appeared.

The sister of a well-known baronet has prepared a new cookery book, in which she aims at being eminently practical in her recipes, adapting them to the requirements of everyday life. It will be published by Messrs. Kerby and Endean, of Oxford Street.

Mr. Bonaparte-Wyse, the author of the 'Parpaioun Blu,' is now at Montpellier, superintending the publication of a new book of verse in the dialect of Provence. This will be called 'Li Piado de la Princesso' (the Footsteps of the Princess). M. Théodore Aubanel is also engaged on a second augmented edition of his poems.

The French translator of Von Moltke's letters from Russia is an Alsatian, named Kaufmann, who, translating his own name into French, calls himself Alfred Marchand.

The last number of the 'Giornale di Letteratura Comparata' contains a short critique by Mr. Theophile Marzials on the 'Gioconda' of Signor Domenico Milelli. This is a clever poem of a somewhat idyllic character on a fine melodramatic subject. The poet is evidently inspired with the colouring of the modern Hispano-Roman school of painters, and the poem is especially interesting as the first echo in poetical literature of the sentimental and somewhat showy tone of art struck by Fortuny and his disciples in painting.

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